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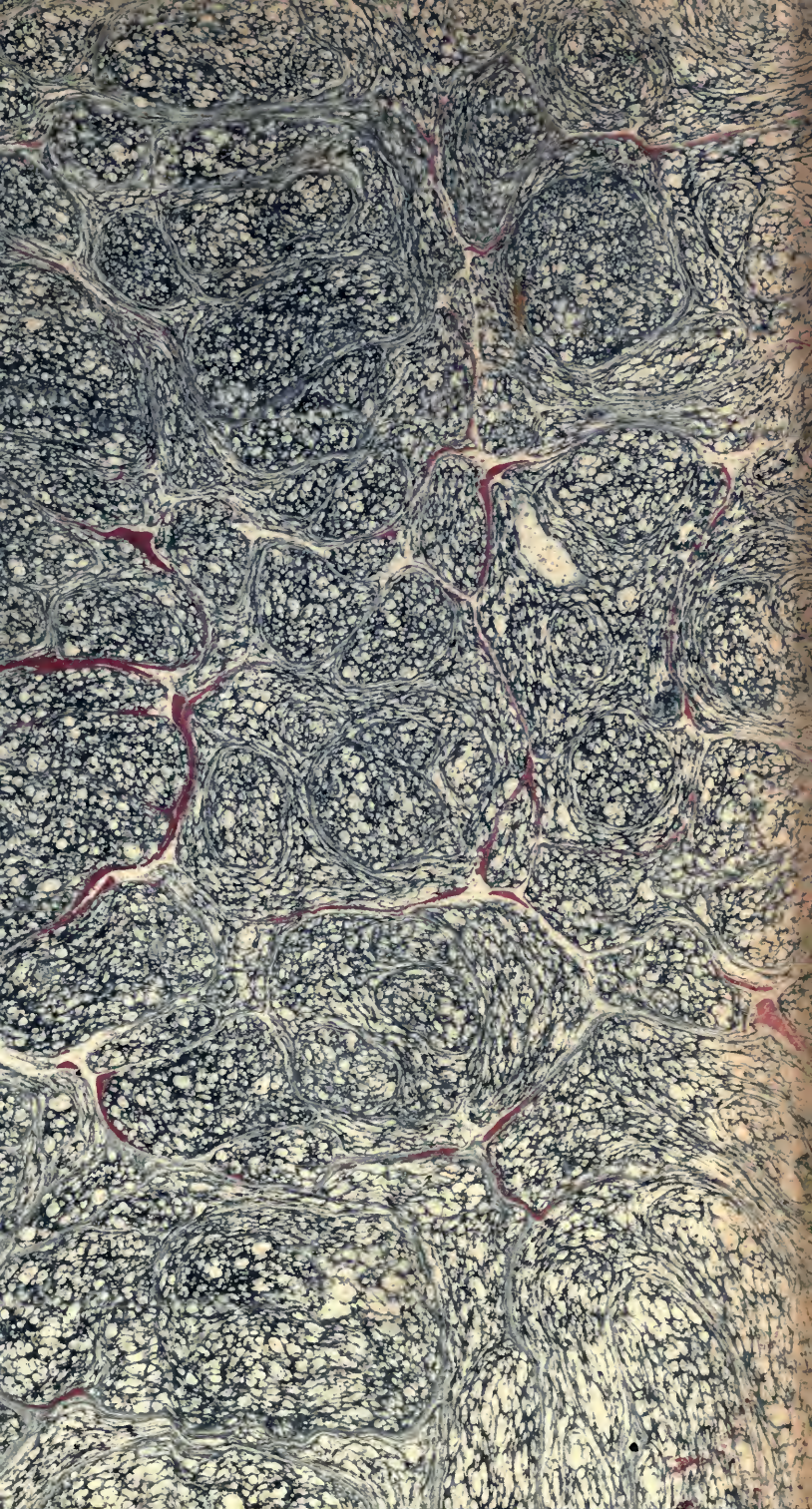

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ERRATA.

ıge 53, line 11, *for* coutier, *read* courtier.
— 62, —— 25, *for* feels, *read* feel.
— ib. —— 28, *for* is, *read* in.
— 63, *for* Mrs. Broadshead, *read* Mrs. Broadhead.
— 165, —— 4, *for* your may, *read* you may.
— 167, —— 8, *for* coggers, *read* codgers.

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£1 15 1-

Viscount Dudley and Ward

with the best regards of his sincere Friend

The Author.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

DEDICATED TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

EARL OF MOIRA.

BY

WILLIAM THOMAS FITZ GERALD, ESQ.

This truth should mitigate an Author's fear,
The first in judgment are the least severe.

W. T. F-G.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. BULMER AND CO.
CLEVELAND-ROW, ST. JAMES'S;
AND SOLD BY J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY.

1801.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

EARL OF MOIRA.

My Lord,

Were a Poet, or, more properly speaking, a Writer of Verse, to disclaim every species of vanity, the world might fairly suspect his sincerity; yet, though this Volume can afford its Author but little reason to be vain, I honestly confess, I feel a pride in being permitted to dedicate it to your Lordship: not, my Lord, on account of your high rank in life—although, from my earliest youth, I have nourished a deep-rooted respect for illustrious birth, which

I am convinced, in opposition to modern philosophers, has ever been, and will continue to be, beneficial to mankind, by exciting the good to disinterested, and the brave to heroic, deeds;—but because I admire the urbanity of manners, the manliness of character, and the independence of spirit, which have equally distinguished your Lordship as the polite Scholar, the gallant Soldier, and the accomplished Gentleman. Amidst the asperities of contending parties, nothing has, for a moment, made you forget your firm Loyalty to the best of Sovereigns, or your warm attachment to the Interests of your Country:—this, my Lord, your enemies, if you have any, will allow to be your public praise; your private praise I will not wound your Lordship's feelings by repeating;—it is echoed in the gloomy prison of the unfortunate debtor; it is written on the hearts of the poor of Donington; and will be recorded by the impartial Historian, when

he relates the misfortunes of the persecuted Nobility of France.

I might add, as a strong personal inducement for wishing to dedicate the effusions of my Muse to your Lordship, the friendship with which you honoured a very near, and dear relation of,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's
much obliged, and
most obedient,
humble servant,

W. T. FITZ GERALD.

Jan. 7, 1801.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MANY of the Poems in this Volume have already met the public eye in periodical publications. The Elegy to the Memory of a Friend; the Epitaph upon Mrs. Elliot, and some other pieces, were the production of very juvenile years; but the Author has not thought it necessary to print them in the order they were written, and still less to date them; for, if they should be found totally unworthy of notice, the plea of youth can be no excuse for their publication; although it will not diminish their merit, if merit they may claim.

To Critics by profession, the Author has nothing to say: not that he affects ignorance of the weight their opinion always must have upon every work which issues from the press; but from the full conviction that, with those whose good will is worth possessing, any thing he could say would neither deprecate censure, nor insure applause: he will therefore only add, that, if this Poetical Miscellany should meet with the approbation of the Public, it may tempt him to further exertion—if not, his literary crime will be, the throwing one more Book into the stream of Oblivion.

March 18, 1801.

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THE

TRIBUTE OF AN HUMBLE MUSE

TO AN

UNFORTUNATE CAPTIVE QUEEN.

———Quis Talia fando
Temperet a Lachrymis?—

THE

TRIBUTE OF AN HUMBLE MUSE.

When I reflect what varied ills await
The envied station of the scepter'd great;
When, in her awful records, History shews
The crown of empire, but the crown of woes!
I turn from fierce Ambition's fiery eye,
And wish in humbler life to live and die.

Could birth, could grandeur, or could boundless reign,
Exempt humanity from keenest pain;
Make life's gay vessel ev'ry tempest brave,
Stem envy's tide, and cleave misfortune's wave;
Who could with Bourbon's peerless Queen compare?
The Gallic lilies were not half so fair!
When youth and beauty, which were all her own,
Grac'd regal splendour, and adorn'd the throne:
What thousands watch'd that animated face,
Which smil'd preferment, and which frown'd disgrace!
Where e'er she went the willing heart she drew,
Her Husband's subjects were her captives too;

And yet their chains with conscious pride they wore,
With bondage pleas'd, and eager to adore.
What crouded theatres these eyes have seen,
With rapture gaze upon their darling Queen!
What multitudes have throng'd the streets she pass'd,
How proud he felt who saw her smiles the last!
Home he return'd to boast the casual glance
From Austrian Mary—then the pride of France!
Too soon these gay delusive dreams were o'er,
And fled the palace to return no more.
Alas! how awful was the change of scene!—
A captive Monarch, and a weeping Queen
Prov'd that adversity, all nature's lot!
Lowers on the palace, and o'erhangs the cot.
Unhappy Queen! thy fate is sure severe,
And might from savages extort a tear!
Where is the cringing courtier's homage now?
His honey'd accents, his betraying bow?
Where all the suitors of thy splendid hour,
Who sought thy favour, or who fear'd thy pow'r?
Fled—like the fancied land the sailor spies,
That cheers his hopes, but disappoints his eyes!
The first rude blast Misfortune's tempest blew,
Swept all the courtly insects from thy view.
Thy royal Husband found, in mis'ry's hour,
The friends of princes vanish with their pow'r.
Yet shall the Muse, with honest warmth, record
Some who prov'd faithful to their injur'd lord:

Urg'd on by rapine and malignant hate,
When rude Rebellion forc'd the palace gate,
The gallant few, who dar'd his cause defend,
Gloriously fought, and met a glorious end!
Oh! gen'rous band, to honour's annals dear!
For you the Helvetic youth shall shed the tear,
Your names shall grave on tablets of renown—
The last defenders of the Gallic crown!
Then shall the manly drops of woe be dried,
And mem'ry cry, "the Swiss' with honour died."
While glory stimulates to noble deeds,
And cheers the falling soldier as he bleeds,
Your praises, gallant men! shall grace the page
Which tells the history of this tragic age;
Your native country, to your valour just,
Shall strew the greenest laurels on your dust!
Nor will she this small sprig of bays refuse—
The humble off'ring of a stranger's Muse.*

From royal seats magnificently great!
From gen'ral homage, and the pomp of state!
Dragg'd to a prison—in its cells immur'd,
The rabble's scoffs the Royal Pair endur'd:

* While the author wishes to pay a just tribute to the noble intrepidity of the Swiss who fell, on the 10th of August 1792, in their royal master's cause; he is by no means unmindful of the gallantry of the Gardes du Corps, who lost their lives in the same cause, at Versailles, in the earlier period of the Revolution.

Each paltry ruffian, arm'd with lawless pow'r,
The petty despot of the guilty hour!
Pick'd from the very dregs of human kind,
Shew'd the low malice of a vulgar mind;
On fallen majesty with insult prest,
And vented all the venom of his breast.
What hand can paint the horrors which ensued—
A nation with a Martyr's blood imbrued!
When I behold all Paris stain'd with gore,
I almost hate that freedom I adore;
The horrid massacres my nerves unstring,
And outrag'd Nature mourns a murder'd King!
Oh! France disgrac'd! for ever lost to fame,
Eternal Infamy has damn'd thy name!
Thy bloody annals shall record this deed,
And countless thousands for thy crimes shall bleed.
On that dread day when hearts shall all be known,
And Atheists tremble at the eternal throne!
When guiltless blood is charg'd to Gallia's race,
Where will the palid murderer hide his face?
Where will a monarch's cruel butchers fly,
From the keen searching of the Almighty's eye!
Behold each fiend, with more than mortal dread!
Wishing for mountains to conceal his head;
Or, to be plung'd, his load of crimes to hide,
Ten thousand fathoms under Ocean's tide!
Abash'd with shame the bloody wretches stand,
The guilty culprits of a guilty land!

No hope is theirs—who Heaven's just wrath defied,
Their monarch murder'd, and their God denied!
Are *these* the flow'rs philosophy bestows,
To strew the rugged path of human woes?
Are *these* the means her votaries pursue,
To prove the theory of her systems true?
These the new schemes which Gallic sages plan
To meliorate the general state of man?
Detested hypocrites! your projects cease,
Nor cheat the world of happiness and peace:
Man has, alas! his share of natural woes,
Without the deadly poison you compose;
Leave him the comfort by religion giv'n,
His faith in God, his stedfast hope of Heav'n!
That hope he murmurs with his parting breath,
That hope allays his agonies in death.

Why could not France restore her mould'ring state,
By means as noble as the end was great?
Why were the ministers of hell employ'd,
And what might well be mended, quite destroy'd?
The plant of liberty had surely thriv'n,
Unbath'd with blood, fann'd by the breath of Heav'n!
That genial plant in ev'ry soil may grow,
But where the stem is strong, the growth is slow:
Matur'd by time, its branches nobly spread,
And whirlwinds rage in vain around its head!
Thus the firm oak, Britannia's forests boast,
Defies the storm that thunders round the coast;

Spreads its bold branches to defend the shoot,
Which slowly rises at its awful root.

Vain are, much-injur'd Queen! these artless lays,
Which to thy wrongs, indignant manhood pays!
What comfort can the sorrowing Muse afford,
The widow'd mourner of her murder'd lord?
Her plaintive numbers, and her tearful eye,
In vain bestow the tributary sigh!
The bitterness of death is almost o'er,
And *Hell* and *Orleans*, can torment no more.
Affliction's quiver scarcely has a dart,
To agonize again thy bleeding heart;
Yet if thy bosom can admit relief,
How grateful must appear a nation's grief?
Britain, whose isle with real freedom blest!
Affords a refuge to each foe distrest,
With manly sorrow mourns thy Bourbon's doom,
And hates the wretch who triumphs o'er his tomb.

First published
in 1793.

LINES ON THE MURDER

OF THE

QUEEN OF FRANCE;

WITH

ADMONITION TO THE INFANT KING,

LOUIS XVII.

ON THE

MURDER

OF THE

QUEEN OF FRANCE.

The deed is done—fair Austria's suff'rings end,
The royal victim finds in death a friend!
His cold embrace has dried a widow's tears,
And calm'd a mother's agonizing fears.

Ill-fated Queen! to pomp and mis'ry born,
How bright the prospect of thy life's gay morn!
No tempests threaten'd, nor no clouds were seen,
When France with rapture hail'd thee Beauty's Queen!
Lovely in youth, the pride of Austria's plain,
With smiling pleasure sporting in thy train!
To pay thee homage princes seem'd to vie,
And nations felt the magic of thine eye;
To polish'd courts thou gav'st a graceful ease,
And pleasing others, seem'd thyself to please.
When fate to Bourbon gave the Gallic crown,
Thou mad'st his couch of care, a bed of down,
Strewing his throne that mask'd unnumber'd woes,
With the rich perfume of th' ambrosial rose.

Plann'd by thy hands, Trianon's bow'rs * were form'd,
Grac'd by thy person, by thy taste adorn'd!
An earthly Paradise it seem'd to be,
The sweet abode of happiness and thee.
Thus gay in youth, of ev'ry joy possest,
What mortal thought thee not supremely blest?
Who could foresee these visions of delight
Were doom'd to vanish from the astonish'd sight?
Who could foretell the low'ring storm from far,
And the dread carnage of intestine war;
Or who unfold the awful page of fate,
To see the wreck of all that once was great?
To view that form, by thousands so ador'd!
Torn from the bosom of her murder'd lord;
Condemn'd to suffer each extreme of grief,
And doom'd to hope in death alone relief—
Denied the comfort of a friend t' impart
The last sad dictates of a breaking heart;
Denied to gaze upon her children's face,
And fold her offspring in a last embrace.
Her neck expos'd—her throbbing bosom bare,
And sheer'd by ruffian hands her lovely hair!
With patient fortitude she pass'd along,
And smil'd contempt on the insulting throng.
The fatal steel that robb'd a king of life,
Now ends the mis'ry of his suff'ring wife;

* The beautiful Gardens, called Petit Trianon, were the favourite retreat of the unfortunate Queen.

And, drench'd in blood, completes the horrid scene,
A martyr'd Monarch, and a murder'd Queen!
Cold-blooded fiends!—who vent your coward rage
On helpless woman, infancy, and age!
Could not her sex, could not her beauty plead,
Against this cruel, this unmanly deed?
If you must wade through one eternal flood
Of orphan princes' tears, and monarchs' blood!
Why was your brooding vengeance long suppress'd
Like slumb'ring serpents in a fury's breast?
Was death postpon'd with hell's most cunning art,
To study torments that might rack the heart?
Why? if prejudg'd your victim was to die,
Why not in pity spare a widow's sigh?
She should have bled when royal Bourbon fell,
And yelling monsters shook the vaults of hell;
When kindred dæmons, from their dark domain,
Th' infernal yell re-echoed back again!
In one embrace the hapless pair had died,
While outrag'd nature hid her face, and sigh'd!

But manly vengeance who can hope to find,
In the base workings of a traitor's mind—
To teach the child to blast its mother's fame,*
Would make the untaught savage blush with shame;

* See the infamous charge made against the Queen, on her trial, relative to her son.

A crime like this ne'er stain'd his manly crest,
Engender'd only in a Frenchman's breast.
Accursed Paris! rich alone in crimes,
The doom'd Gomorrah of our modern times!
If Heav'n, for reasons mortals cannot scan,
Permits thy plague to scourge the race of man,
It still reserves th' avenging Angel's rod,
To crush those wretches who defy their God!
Who, impious, dare their Maker's work deform,
May raise the tempest—but will feel the storm;
That dreadful storm, in loud and awful roar,
Shall make the Atheist tremble and adore!
These crimes which *we* with shudd'ring horror view,
Our sons unborn will scarcely think were true:
May they in all their struggles to be free,
Ne'er prostitute the name of liberty:
Adore her maxims, fram'd mankind to bless,
But hate the fiend that counterfeits her dress;
And under cover of that fair disguise,
Betrays the honest, and deceives the wise.
Ne'er may ferocious fanatics succeed,
The wicked triumph, and the virtuous bleed!
But may mankind, by Gallia's horrors taught,
Think even blessings much too dearly bought,
If through whole seas of blood they're doom'd to wade,
Risking the substance, to obtain the shade!
May they the French philosophers despise!
Who, vainly witty, impotently wise,

Deride the pious, and mislead the good,
Preaching philanthropy, to practise blood!

The murder'd dead must claim compassion's tear,
Though free from human hope, or human fear!
But the poor royal orphans left behind,
Excite the sympathy of human kind;
While pity, rising from their parents' tomb,
Laments the blameless children's wretched doom.

Unhappy heir to royalty and pain!
Whose lot a weeping cherub might complain;
Depriv'd of ev'ry comfort that can suage,
The hourly suff'rings of thy tender age:
No mother's anxious bosom to impart
The finer feelings to thy pliant heart,
And early teach thy infant breast to shew,
A glowing sympathy at other's woe:
No father's counsels to direct thy youth,
To tread the paths of virtue and of truth—

Unhappy prince! to savage monsters left,
Of kingdom, parents, ev'ry hope bereft!
To Heav'n's high throne thy infant hands extend,
By man deserted, find in God a friend!
He never leaves the orphan to despair,
And misery's helpless children are his care!
And now, young king, with strict attention hear
Advice that seldom meets the royal ear;

But you adversity so early knew,
Her sternest lessons will appear too true.
Detest the flatt'rers which all courts infest;
Let not their poison taint your youthful breast;
Nor think the monarch can be serv'd by those,
Who are of justice, and of truth, the foes.
With fervent zeal imbibe in early youth
The sacred maxims of eternal truth;
Let interest ne'er seduce you from her laws,
Nor pawn your honour for a world's applause!
And should prosperity her balm bestow,
Still think how nearly she's allied to woe:
Not the mild influence of his reign could save
Your royal father from a timeless grave;
Not all the splendour which adorn'd his crown,
That loyal zeal which gave to France renown!
His private virtues—plenitude of pow'r,
Could shield a good man from misfortune's hour:
Among the glitt'ring throngs that kings attend,
The mildest sov'reign could not find a friend.
Then where's the prince, amidst his pomp, shall say,
" These joys, this pow'r, can never fade away;
" All that I hear confirms my brilliant state,
" Born to command, be happy, and be great!"

Do you, young prince, from sad experience wise,
Learn the false glare of grandeur to despise;
And when this dreadful tempest is o'erblown,
And Heav'n has plac'd you on your father's throne,

Let not the mem'ry of your infant years,
Your parents' murder, and your sister's tears!
Be quite effac'd by pomp of regal state,
Nor e'er forget the danger to be great—
That thought will tend to fortify your throne,
Protect your subjects' rights, and guard your own.

First published
in 1794.

THE

STURDY REFORMER;

EXEMPLIFYING THE

DOCTRINES OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

———Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat? HOR.

The following Song is dedicated to Mr. Burke, by an humble Admirer of his resplendent talents, which, when their accomplished possessor shall be numbered with the Mighty Dead, and when the invidious rancour of Party shall have subsided, will be remembered with admiration, and recorded with the enthusiastic tongue of Praise.*

* *It may be proper to observe, that the Author of this trifle is not personally acquainted with, or known to, Mr. Burke.*

THE

STURDY REFORMER.

Why give to your Alfred the laurel of Fame,
When Wat Tyler deserves a much nobler name?
That Alfred, they say, made some good wholesome laws,
But Wat Tyler lost life in the Levelling Cause.
Sing Ballinamona, Oro, &c.
The Levelling System for me!

Shall Jack Cade be forgot when an hero I sing,
Who detests proud nobility, clergy and king?
We moderns such shameful Ingratitude spurn,
For we honour his dust, and his doctrines we learn.
Sing Ballinamora, Oro, &c.
Jack Cade and Wat Tyler for me!

Tom Paine, a republican wight of renown,
His right-foot on the Mitre, his left on the Crown!
Bellows out Revolution to ev'ry degree,
And shews us all *(gratis*)* the way to be free.
Sing Ballinamona, Oro, &c.
A French Revolution for me!

* A very cheap edition of Paine's Rights of Man, was sent to every part of the kingdom, by the unwearied industry of the Revolutionary Societies.

Peers, pedlars, pickpockets to Tom are the same,
And princes and porters but differ in name;
Escutcheons, and coronets, sceptres of kings,
Are the gewgaws of Folly—contemptible things!
Sing Ballinamona, Oro, &c.
No herald's d—mn'd nonsense for me!

The new light philosophic their emptiness shews,
As baseless as bubbles that infancy blows!
Huzza for Confusion, Boys! pull down the Church,
Nor leave one steeple standing for jackdaws to perch!
Sing Ballinamona, Oro, &c.
Pull down all the churches for me!

The world has been ever bamboozel'd with straws,
So Tom utterly hates both Religion and Laws,
As irksome restraints to keep Villainy under,
Forbidding alike conflagration and plunder!
Sing Ballinamona, Oro, &c.
A grand conflagration for me!

All ye, then, my Lads, who have nothing to lose,
But who want a supply of coats, breeches, and shoes;
Whose labour fatigues ye, whose wages are small,
And whose lot is so *low* you can ne'er fear a *fall*.
Sing Ballinamona, Oro, &c.
Any change will be better for me!

Ye gamblers undone, whose trade's to undo,
At Tom's game throw a nick—or old Nick will throw you;
Ye men disappointed in worldly concern,
Forget all your sorrows and Levellers turn,
Sing Ballinamona, Oro, &c.
Civil discord is music to me!

Ye desperate felons, in dungeons confin'd,
Your fetters we'll break—for you're men to our mind;
Men bred to confusion, and bent to destroy,
Are, next to our writings, the means we employ.
Sing Ballinamona, Oro, &c.
Let loose all the felons for me!

Life with you is so bad, that confusion may mend it,
And if all things should fail ye—an halter can end it!
Ye poor ragged fellows, though low your estate,
Ye shall plunder the rich! and shall level the Great!
Sing Ballinamona, Oro, &c.
Some nice little pickings for me!

Take from bishops the crosier, from prebends the stall,
And kick out the lawyers from Westminster Hall;
Make priests and make barristers handle the plough,
For that's all the living the dogs shall get now.
Sing Ballinamona, Oro, &c.
Kick the priests and the lawyers for me!

In the world no distinction of rank shall be seen,
But a Billingsgate drab be a mate for a queen;
Dukes, dustmen, grooms, barons, in friendship shall meet,
And with porter and gin hiccough drunk through the street.

Sing Ballinamona, Oro, &c.
The world topsy turvy for me!

Of the wealth of mankind ye shall all seize a share,
And riot alike in the spoils of the Fair;
Princesses, fishmongers shall take to their arms,
And queens to tripesellers shall yield up their charms!

Sing Ballinamona, Oro, &c.
A pretty young princess for me!

From the bench shall be pluck'd off stern Justice's robe,
And the records of time be effaced from the globe!
All wisdom, all virtue, all courage are vain,
To oppose the new Doctrine of mighty Tom Paine!

Sing Ballinamona, Oro, &c.
Banish order and justice for me!

Let the Prophet of Discord your bosoms inspire,
And with Tom's Rights of Man set the world all on fire!

Go to it, my Boys!—go to it pell-mell—
Till the flames that ye kindle prepare ye for Hell!
Sing Ballinamona, Oro, &c.
You may go to the Devil for me!

Now honest John Bull take an hint from my song,
Nor think his doctrines right, whose intentions are wrong;
The cause of Old England with firmness maintain,
In spite of the Devil, the *French*, and Tom Paine!
Sing Ballinamono, Oro, &c..
No wolves in sheep's clothing for me!

Your fam'd Constitution for ages has stood,
Ador'd by your sires! and seal'd with their blood!
To your children, of right, 'tis a property due—
Bequeath it to them, as 'twas giv'n to you!
Sing Ballinamona, Oro, &c.
Church, King, Constitution for me!

* The above Political Trifle, soon after its publication, was parodied by Mr. Merry, under the title of "John Bull's Opinion, or the English Ca-Ira, a New Song to the Tune of Ballinamona, &c." It is needless to mention the tendency of the Parody: its author is no more; and the former friends of Mr. Merry (among whom Mr. Fitz Gerald was numbered), have never ceased to lament that the French Revolution destroyed the temper, and perverted the excellent talents of a pleasing companion, and a very amiable man.

First published
in 1792.

THE

REPUBLICAN'S PICTURE.

Talk of Cambridge no more, nor of Oxford's great name,
Though made sacred by time, and immortal by fame!
A college near London* eclipses their light,
Where logic's inverted, and wrong is call'd right!

There ——— young Cromwells may form to his mind,
And teach them to court and betray all mankind;
With the cloak of religion, ambition to veil—
The Devil's a saint till he shews us his tail!

There, like toadstools, Republicans hourly spring,
To poison alike Constitution and King;
But their arts hypocritical ne'er will succeed,
For our King we will fight—for our Country we'll bleed!

The young mind's the best soil, the sophists agree,
Where to plant, with success, th' atheistical tree;

* Hackney College.

Whose fruits are false reason, hypocrisy, plunder,
But the fruit we will blast, and the tree cut asunder.

A Republican's picture is easy to draw,
He can't bear to obey, but will govern the law;
His manners unsocial, his temper unkind,
He's a rebel in conduct, a tyrant in mind.

He's envious of those who have riches or pow'r,
Discontented, malignant, implacable, sour!
Never happy himself, he would wish to destroy
The comfort and blessings which others enjoy:

Our forefathers of old, by his arts were deceiv'd,
Presbyterians they trusted—fanatics believ'd;
But the Throne overturn'd, John Bull found, to his cost,
He had fifty oppressors for one he had lost!

Till at length the whole nation were glad to restore
That good Constitution which bless'd them before;
They no longer endur'd the republican yoke,
But hallow'd the boughs of our fam'd royal oak!

With this Warning before us, we ne'er will expose
Our country again to those terrible woes,
Which French spies and Republicans wish to pour down
On our Protestant Church, Constitution, and Crown:

But their arts we'll expose, and their projects confound,
And the head of the monster keep close to the ground;
While the shores of Old England shall cheerfully ring
With the carol of Freemen—GOD SAVE STATE AND KING!

First published in 1792.

NELSON'S TRIUMPH;

OR

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

—Septem gemini turbant trepida ostia Nili !

Virg. Æneid, Lib. 6.

The following little Poem is not wholly new to the Public: a small part of it (written originally for Recitation) appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine, soon after the news arrived of the glorious event it attempts to commemorate. The Author having augmented it with very considerable additions, has been flattered into the opinion that it will not be entirely unworthy Public notice, in its present shape—the subject certainly is not exhausted, however inadequately he may have treated it.

NELSON'S TRIUMPH.

The pensive muse beholds with tearful eyes,
Thy realms, fair Italy! the Plund'rer's prize!
No sounds are heard from Tiber to the Po,
But the sad wailings of a people's woe.
France, with a rage than Attila's more dire!
Consumes thy palaces with barb'rous fire;
All that compos'd of ancient Rome the grace,
Ferocious armies pillage, or deface;
They spare nor monument, nor sacred fane,
And Leo's splendid labours, all are vain!
Painting, in terror, quits her lov'd retreat,
And Phidias' art is trampled under feet.
The vine no more its ripen'd treasure yields,
And barren plains succeed to verdant fields!
Like Pharaoh's plague, where Gallic bands appear,
They blight the happy prospects of the year;
Destroy the standard of all Europe's taste,
And make the garden of the world a waste—
Fiends! who obedient to their tyrants' nod,
Profane the altars of the living God!
And with a fury, like their purpose fell,
Make of an earthly Paradise a hell.

But surely Heav'n will hear the suff'rer's pray'r,
And make the Spoiler in his turn despair;
The widow's anguish, and the orphan's sigh,
Will yet be heard, and register'd on high;
While the deep groanings of a ruin'd land,
Provoke the vengeance of th' Almighty's hand!

Now shall the Muse the modern Huns pursue
As Latium's shores receded from the view;
Where ravag'd plains no longer could afford,
A fresh temptation to the Conqueror's sword.
When Gallia's Chief, with standards died in gore,
Thirsting for plunder sought the Egyptian shore;
Italia's curses wafted on the wind,
In deep low murmurs harrow'd up his mind.
To that proud Rock, for deeds heroic known,
Where jealous Honour fix'd her polish'd throne;
And with the panoply of Faith array'd,
The spotless banner of her knights display'd!
The blood-stain'd chieftain bends his gloomy way,
And marks illustrious Malta for his prey.
But sure that race of heroes must deride
The threats of France, and Buonaparte's pride;
Their sea-girt ramparts hostile arms defy,
When Glory calls to conquer, or to die!
Was such their conduct?—Truth, alas! records,
That knighthood's laurel wither'd on their swords:
Malta! for ever mourn thy honour's loss,
That to the Infidel betray'd the Cross,

And, at the Gallic Atheist's stern decree,
Tarnish'd the plumed crest of chivalry!
By Conquest flatter'd, and with pride elate,
Onward he sails, as if secure of fate:
Afric beholds his plund'ring bands advance,
And weeps, in tears of blood, the crimes of France;
The seat of Ptolemy now owns his sway,
While his proud fleet, possess'd of Nilus Bay,
Seems to defy the howling tempest's blast,
With Rapine's colours streaming from the mast!
The curse of Italy, from Egypt's strand,
Sends forth his locusts to consume the land.
Amidst his myrmidons he proudly stood,
Prophet of anarchy! array'd in blood!
And as they bend obedient to his nod,
This man of slaughter deems himself a God!
His fleet surveying from the Afric shore,
While minions flatter, and while fools adore.
But, impious mortal! all thy hopes are vain,
To weild the sov'reign trident of the main;
For soon Britannia's gallant ships appear,
Their course th' avenging angel seems to steer!
That awful pow'r! which frantic Gaul denied,
Sends fav'ring gales, and smooths th' obedient tide;
In ev'ry breast heroic ardour glows,
The nearer they approach their country's foes:
The view before them glory, or defeat—
The last, a stranger to the British fleet!

But here the Muse must pause—for where's the pen
Can trace the actions of those godlike men,
Describe the horrors of that awful night,
Or tell how Britons for their country fight?
The first bold prow, by envious Fortune cross'd!
Grounds as she leads, and active glory lost—
But her large honours, buoyant o'er her fate,
Make gallant Trowbridge in disaster great!
Nelson's attack, like the dread lightning's blast,
Rends the proud hull, and splits the tow'ring mast!
Whole sheets of flame on Gallia's host are driv'n,
And vengeance thunders to approving Heav'n!
That impious Race, who dar'd deny their God,
Now feel the scourge of his avenging rod;
Mad from despair they plunge into the wave,
And seek the refuge of a watery grave.
One tow'ring ship, the Gallic Admiral's boast!
Enwrapt in flames illumines all the coast;
A blazing Pharos, it appear'd to be,
Emerging from the bosom of the sea!
'Till with a blast, which seem'd to rend the skies,
The mighty bulwark into atoms flies!
A dreadful wreck! that covers half the flood,
And dyes thy waters, Nile, with Gallic blood—
An awful silence stills the lurid air,
And horror checks the howlings of despair.
The foe, now finding all resistance vain,
Strikes his proud flag, and yields the subject main;

While Arabs, witness of the Gaul's defeat,
With shouts of triumph hail the British fleet!
As long as Egypt's Pyramids shall stand,
Long as the Nile shall fertilize her land;
So long the voice of never-dying Fame,
Shall add to England's glory Nelson's name!

Britons, when Fate has laid the valiant low,
Admire the courage of their deadliest foe;
And Gaul's brave Admiral claims their just applause,
Whose death was worthy of a better cause!
But Nelson, guardian of a rival's fame,
Shall vindicate the injur'd warrior's name.*

By billows cover'd, many a fathom deep,
Some victors, mingled with the vanquish'd, sleep
In glory's bed! beneath the heaving wave,
The naval hero's honourable grave!
There, shrin'd in glory, gallant Westcott lies,
His manes hallow'd by a nation's sighs!
Sighs! that more dignify his sacred dust,
Than pompous epitaph, or sculptur'd bust;
Oft, with an honest pride, shall Britons tell
Who, on that day of triumph, nobly fell;
And, faithful to their country's fair renown,
Add one more trophy to her naval crown!

* In the intercepted correspondence from Egypt, see a most ungenerous insinuation, made by Buonaparte, against Admiral Brueys, for remaining in the Bay of Aboukir.

For you—Britannia's sorrow and her boast!
Doom'd never more to see your native coast;
No more to gaze upon your children's face,
Nor feel the rapture of a wife's embrace!
For you, brave spirits! who resign'd your breath,
And purchas'd victory with glorious death;
Your country consecrates your wat'ry bier,
And 'midst her triumphs sheds a grateful tear!
With laurel decks the grave, or binds the head,
Of victors living, or of heroes dead!
Nor doth the meed of praise alone extend,
But to the warrior's offspring is the friend;
Takes to her care the widow of his heart,
And robs the shaft of death of half its smart.

First published
in 1799.

LINES SENT TO THE AUTHOR

UPON THE PUBLICATION OF

NELSON'S TRIUMPH, &c.

By JOHN TAYLOR, Esq.

Dear friend, thy animated strain
Fights Nelson's battle o'er again,
With so much force and fire,
We glow, and think the exulting Muse
Herself records the wond'rous news,
To send it to her sire!

And hence, that when the Thund'rer reads
The British hero's mighty deeds,
He'll swear so vast the glory!
Mars and Dan Phœbus stole below,
That one might crush Britannia's foe,
And t'other tell the story!

TO

JOHN TAYLOR, Esq.

IN ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING LINES,

DICTATED, THE AUTHOR FEARS, MORE BY HIS FRIENDSHIP THAN HIS JUDGMENT.

THAT praise sometimes is grateful to me I confess,
Who feels not its influence, than man must be less;
But still greater delight that warm praise must impart,
Where the wit of the head, and the worth of the heart
Commend, without envy, the works of an other,
And as freely divide the bays with a brother.
That this is your character all the world knows,
'Tis allow'd by your friends, nor denied by your foes!

PRIVATE PROLOGUES.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE

TO THE

FAIR PENITENT.

WRITTEN FOR A PRIVATE THEATRE, AND SPOKEN BY HORATIO.

To night, the sympathising heart will find
A lawless passion, in a gen'rous mind!
Parents may learn to hear great Nature's voice,
T'advise their children, not oppose their choice.
Her love first sanction'd by a father's name,
Calista had been free from vice and shame;
Nor, on the stormy sea of passions toss'd,
Had peace, had life and virtue all been lost!
Oh! may each tender maid avoid the snare
That wily libertines will still prepare;
Nor think that man can ever constant prove
Who deems it glorious to deceive in love;
Who gains the first affections of the breast,
And plants a thorn where innocence had rest:
Then leaves the fair, betray'd by basest art,
And meanly triumphs o'er a yielded heart!
Those female eyes, where purest honour shines,
Bright as the sparkling gem from Orient mines!

May, guiltless, view their sex's frailties here,
And yet bedew them with a pitying tear;
Superior virtue should compassion shew,
And feel for weakness it can never know;
O'er a poor sister's errors cast a shade,
By too much love and tenderness betray'd!
My moral finish'd, I would fain retire,
But first our prompter charg'd me to enquire
If any Pseudo-critic here is found,
Who feels a pleasure to inflict a wound?
Who, lest the world should take him for a fool,
Deals much in blame, and aukward ridicule;
Who shoots his arrows with a wanton hand,
And censures what he does not understand;
His plaudits too have neither sense, nor choice,
And are but echos to the public voice.
From such we're free, for all our friends to night
Will see our merits in the fairest light;
And when our faults too glaringly arise,
Our wish to please will make them shut their eyes;
For many a fear disturbs our little band,—
Sciolto's dagger trembles in his hand;
Calista's cares are doubled on her head,
And sighing Altamont is almost dead:
The gallant gay Lothario blushes too,
('Tis the first time, for lawyer's seldom do!*)

* The part of Lothario was performed by a gentleman at the bar.

And e'en Horatio, who should know no fear,
Finds more than all his courage wanting here.
But one reflection drives our cares away,
Friendship's the best of Prologues to our Play!

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE

TO

VENICE PRESERVED.

WRITTEN FOR A PRIVATE THEATRE.

FEW bards, like Otway understood the art,
To touch the strings that vibrate through the heart!
Most he excell'd in love's pathetic lays,
And next to Shakspeare claims unrivall'd bays!
The rougher passions when his pencil draws,
He gains alike his tribute of applause;
In Pierre the manly virtues are combin'd,
An open temper with a dauntless mind;
His active temper, never taught to yield,
Restless in peace, and daring in the field,
For private wrongs against the state conspir'd,
And to his purpose Jaffier's bosom fir'd;
But yet their motives challenge no applause,
Revenge made patriots, not their country's cause!
How different British from Italian climes!
Here patriots flourish'd in the worst of times;
When Freedom totter'd on the brink of fate,
Hampden stood forth, and prop'd the reeling state!

Oh! had his followers ne'er been stain'd with blood,
How great their motive, and their cause how good!
There had they paus'd, a wreath their heads had bound,
And the great cause immortal honour crown'd!
But when an hapless Prince his error saw,
He fell a victim to perverted law.—
There, on our annals rests a guilty stain,
Which quite blots out the errors of his reign!
Succeeding times a nobler struggle view'd,
And freedom triumph'd, not with blood imbru'd,
When by misrule, and bigot counsels led,
The crown grew hateful on a Monarch's head,
A gen'rous band, inspir'd by freedom's breath!
To abject chains preferring glorious death,
Conspire . . . . . .
Not in the sleeping breast to plunge the steel,
But from destruction save the public weal!
They knew the rights of kings, but felt their own,
And drove a tyrant from his guilty throne!
And should such dreadful times return again,
Which Heav'n avert! may Britons act like men!
May future Pierres, by nobler motives fir'd,
By love of sacred liberty inspir'd,
Rouse up the slumb'ring virtue of the land,
And 'gainst oppression make a glorious stand!

Now turn your eyes where Otway's strength appears,
See beauteous Belvidera bathed in tears!

Peevish complaints her soul was far above,
Though poor in fortune, she was rich in love;
Her voice could soothe her Jaffier's cares to rest,
For want would smile when pillow'd on her breast!
Let him blame Jaffier, for his trust betray'd,
Who never doated on a lovely maid;
Who never own'd the pow'r of beauty's charms,
Nor clasp'd an angel in his faithful arms!
Who never heard those accents that impart
Or rage, or rapture to the impassion'd heart!
Who never gaz'd upon the speaking eye,
Nor felt the pathos of a woman's sigh!
Let such cold mortals their dull lives pursue,
They cannot pity what they never knew.—
May ev'ry youth, like Jaffier constant prove,
And ev'ry maid, like Belvidera love;
But may their woes be ne'er experienc'd here,
Nor sully beauty's cheek with sorrow's tear.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE

TO

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

WRITTEN FOR A PRIVATE THEATRE.

SURE love a blessing, or a curse was given,
The favour'd boon, or dreadful scourge of Heaven!
Well plac'd, it softens all the woes of life,
And makes the mistress dearer in the wife!
But when no virtues kindle Hymen's fires,
The torch may blaze, but suddenly expires.
The wretch who's dazzled with deceitful charms,
And takes polluted beauty to his arms,
Will find, like Somerset, his joys decay,
Swifter than passing shadows fleet away!
To night our Author draws an angel's form,
Without those virtues beauty should adorn;
Though ev'ry female cheek will blush to find,
So fair a frame conceal so foul a mind:
Blame not the poet, for the picture's true,
Though no resemblance can be drawn from you.
But when, with horror chill'd, you turn aside
From Somerset's unnatural, guilty bride,

View Isabella, bless'd with ev'ry grace,
Her mind a pattern of her lovely face!
Where sense and sweetness happily unite,
To charm the soul, and fascinate the sight:
And if some breast a kindred grief should move,
To feel the pang of disappointed love!
If vows have pass'd between some hapless pair,
The youth as constant, and the maid as fair,
If fate, with cruel hand, their fortunes cross'd,
The lover banish'd! or the maiden loss'd,
(For they who ever lov'd must know the pain
Of parting, though with hopes to meet again.)
Then judge the pang, the agonizing sigh,
When Isabella sees her lover die!
Just when she thought the storms of fate were o'er,
Her hopes are shipwreck'd in the sight of shore:
The tear of sympathy will surely flow,
And sad remembrance realize the woe.
Nor you, whose autumn'd age has dull'd the fires
Which beauty kindles, and which love inspires,
Refuse the tribute of a tear to shed,
For pity melts the heart when passion's dead:
And sure none here, their feelings will disguise,
Nor cheek the soft emotions as they rise.

A titled writer has disgrac'd his page
With maxims hostile to a lib'ral age;
Has taught ingenuous youth to veil with art,
The noblest workings of the human heart;

Forbids the fair their smiles, or tears to shew
At harmless humour, or at useful woe;
Though mirth invites, to laugh they must not dare,
Too coarse a pleasure for the British fair!
Nor at the tale of sorrow heave a sigh,
Though beauty, innocence, and virtue die!
Oh monstrous fashion! all such rules despise,
And let your feelings glisten in your eyes;
For beauty never with such grace appears,
As beaming through a show'r of virtuous tears!

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE

TO

JANE SHORE.

WRITTEN FOR A PRIVATE THEATRE.

ONCE more we claim the indulgence of an hour,
For mimic greatness, and for borrow'd pow'r;
For crimes and penitence, for love and rage,
And all the various passions, of the stage.
Your friendly voice approv'd our labours past,
Judge these as kindly as you judg'd the last;
For Gloster's pow'r is not despotic here,
He feels your reign, and owns an anxious fear;
While poor Jane Shore, with most pathetic sighs,
Dreads more your frown than angry Gloster's eyes!
And Dumont pensive sits, with aching heart,
Not for his wife's offence, but for his part;
Alicia's madness premature appears,
Caus'd, not by Hasting's falsehood, but her fears.
'Tis your applause must chase these vain alarms,
Restore to Edward's mistress all her charms,
Give to the tyrant all his guilty state,
And make him artful, turbulent, and great.

Teach us, thou genius of the tuneful Rowe!
To touch, with nicest skill, the nerve of woe;
Find out the mansion where the passions lie,
And call them streaming from each pitying eye;
To ev'ry breast the electric flame impart,
To strike and vibrate through the throbbing heart!
Yet should we fail, the moral you'll approve,
Which shews the sad effects of lawless love;
That passion, first design'd to bless our race,
When virtue sways not, proves our worst disgrace;
Destroys the sweetness of the female mind,
And gives a false impression of mankind;
For she, who finds herself by love undone,
Imputes to all our sex the guilt of one!
This urg'd Alicia to betray her friend,
And madly brought her Hastings to his end.
Nor wealth, nor grandeur can avert the doom
That waits on vice, and lives beyond the tomb!
This prov'd the beauteous Shore, as frail as fair,
A prince's fav'rite, and a monarch's care!
Plac'd near the throne itself in dazzling pow'r,
The blazing meteor of a transient hour!
By courtiers flatter'd, and with smiles survey'd,
By statesmen envied, hated, and obey'd,
All could not save from infamy her name,
Nor shield the victim from contempt and shame;
For when the royal sun was set in night,
Dim grew that orb that glar'd with borrow'd light!

Yet still her patient suff'rings claim a sigh
Heav'd from the heart, while tears bedew the eye;
Her fate's lamented, and her crime's forgiv'n,
For penitence disarms the wrath of Heav'n!
And if some youth, while he laments her lot,
Should think of perjur'd oaths, and vows forgot,
Let him, on wings of love, the wrong repair;
Find our the injur'd, the unhappy fair,
Restore the wand'rer to his contrite breast,
Assuage her grief, and soothe her cares to rest.
Then shall the tragic Muse new laurels gain,
Nor will unhappy Shore have died in vain!

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE

TO THE

JEALOUS WIFE.

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN AT RICHMOND HOUSE.

SCARCE has an age in silence pass'd away,
When virtue almost blush'd to hear a play;
When wit with ribaldry defil'd its page,
And vice display'd her banner on the stage!
For Charles's reign no record can transmit
Of pure morality, or chasten'd wit;
His court debauchery confess'd her own,
And vice, and folly shelter'd near the throne.
A life licentious, an immoral jest,
Still won at court preferment from the best!
Each coutier copied what he knew would please,
And barter'd character for vicious ease;
The drama then no lesson could bestow,
It found men vicious, and it left them so.
But happier we who boast a spotless reign,
Where virtue's pleasure, and where vice is pain!

Wit too corrected, in an age refin'd,
Has made the stage a mirror to the mind;
Where vice in all her hideous form appears,
And virtue looks more lovely in her tears:
No author now can hope for lasting bays,
Unless pure morals dignify his lays.
To night our play a dang'rous passion shews,
Though sprung from love, the cause of endless woes,
For of all shafts that agonize the heart,
The jealous arrow gives the keenest smart;
Oh! baneful passion in the human mind,
Which makes that bosom savage that was kind!
O'erflows with bitt'rest gall the cup of life,
Destroys the confidence 'tween man and wife;
Turns love to hatred, friendship to distrust,
And breeds that foe to happiness, disgust.
Such is the scene our author brings to view;
He shews the rock, to shun it rests with you:
And though his Muse rejects the poison'd bowl,
To laugh this dire contagion from the soul;
Yet while with ridicule he tips the dart,
His Moral finds a passage to the heart.
May none in this bright circle ever prove
That causeless jealousy has weaken'd love!
Keep Mrs. Oakley still before your eyes,
Resist the passion, and the giant dies!

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE

TO

DOUGLAS.

WRITTEN FOR MRS. CRESPIGNY'S PRIVATE THEATRE.

The monarch's glory, and the hero's fame,
The patriot's virtue, or the traitor's shame;
Empires by wisdom saved, or war destroy'd,
Are themes dramatic bards have long employ'd.
The ruthless victor, in his laurel'd car,
Stain'd with the guilty honours of the war,
When trampling on a suff'ring people's laws,
Deserves but ill loud Pæans of applause;
Nor when the haughty tyrant meets his doom
Should pity's tears be wasted on his tomb!
But when domestic grief directs the pen
All feel the subject, who can feel like men:
Such is the scene, to night, we bring to view,
And trust our fate to candour, and to you.
The tale, well known, has often caus'd a sigh,
And brought the pearly drop in beauty's eye;
Still may those sweet emotions freely rise,
And add fresh lustre to the brightest eyes;

Matilda's woes to ev'ry breast impart,
The throbbing anguish of a mother's heart!
Whose child by dire mischance was snatch'd away,
Whose husband perish'd in an early day!
But when her Douglas, to her arms restor'd,
Recalls the image of her long-lost lord,
Perhaps some breast a dormant flame may move,
To feel the warmth of ill extinguish'd love!
Some object, once than fame or life more dear,
May rise to mem'ry with a soothing tear;
For fond remembrance ever's prone to dwell
On those we lov'd " so long, and lov'd so well!"
When youthful Norval, with a noble pride,
Indignant hears the villain's tongue deride;
When, stung with anger, and ingenuous shame,
E'en filial duty scarce conceals his name,
All must allow the conscious pride of blood
A wise illusion Heav'n permits for good,
That pride of blood which only fears disgrace,
And dreads to sully an illustrious race;
That gen'rous pride that scorns all servile art,
And warms in poverty the noble heart;
Feels its own merits, yet would blush with shame,
To rob an other of his well-earn'd fame,
Gives life and energy to glorious deeds,
And cheers the dying hero as he bleeds!
If in our play some alter'd scenes you find,
They owe their merits to a female mind;

Whose tender bosom, e'en in fictious grief,
Shrunk from the woe that can't admit relief;
And felt the drama went beyond it's art,
Rending the cords that nerve a mother's heart!
Such motives might the sternest censure bend,
And change the critic, to the approving friend.
E'en Home's reproach, we trust, we need not fear,
The first in judgment, are the least severe!

* Mr. Home (the author of Douglas), was expected to be present at the representation of his own play, and these lines were written as an apology for Mrs. C—'s alteration of the last act.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

BRITISH ORPHAN, A TRAGEDY.

WRITTEN FOR MRS. CRESPIGNY'S PRIVATE THEATRE.

As when a vessel scuds before the gale,
With flying streamers, and inflated sail,
The eye with pleasure views the ocean's boast,
And distant danger in the prospect's lost!
So the young author dares the drama's sea,
Buoyant with hope, from ev'ry terror free,
'Till driven by party's waves, and envy's blast,
His rudder broken, and unship'd his mast,
On whelming sands his hopeful bark is toss'd,
His fame diminish'd, and his fortune cross'd!
For all the scribbling witlings of the age,
Who gain clandestine footing on the stage,
'Gainst rising genius make one common cause,
And sicken should an Otway gain applause;
They view another's muse with jaundic'd eyes,
That blast the buds of genius as they rise;

That chill young merit in its earliest dawn,
And nip the blossom ere the fruit be born !
But may our bard a milder fate attend,
And in each critic find a candid friend.
On love and jealousy we found our play,
Passions which all have felt and most obey !
The first can soothe the varied ills of life,
And make the mistress dearer in the wife ;
Brighten the languid eye of drooping health,
And make content a substitute for wealth.
But when unequal fires the bosom burn,
And ardent passion meets with no return ;
When jealous cares distract the madd'ning brain,
Hell has no torment equal to the pain !
Oh ! could our author borrow Shakspeare's pen,
That wrote like nature on the hearts of men ;
Th' aspiring bard might seize the laurel'd crown,
And mount one step on his immortal throne !
For Shakspeare, like the glorious orb of day,
Cheers ev'ry plant of genius with his ray ;
Though none shall ever with his muse compare,
Or equal beauties fancy scatter'd there !
Fir'd by his thoughts new Otways may be born,
And future Rowes our latter age adorn ;
Like smaller planets pleasing light afford,
And glitter in the absence of their lord !
If flights sublime our author can't pursue,
Yet still plain nature will be kept in view ;

And should the feeling mind confess her reign,
'Twill more than compensate our present pain:
Should friendship kindly foster this essay,
And stamp its seal, to night, upon our play,
Our modest bard may check each anxious fear,
The British Orphan finds a parent here.

PROLOGUE

FOR THE OPENING OF

LORD BARRYMORE'S PRIVATE THEATRE

IN SAVILLE ROW,

WHICH HAD BEEN RECENTLY THE PLACE WHERE THE FANTOCCINI HAD BEEN EXHIBITED.—JULY 22, 1790.

The bell rings several times, violently—then enter the Manager, in a passion, meeting the Prompter.

Manager. Why, in the name of fortune, this delay!
Prompter where is the Prologue to the Play?

Prompter. The gentleman is ready, but I fear,
He will not speak a word, while you stay here.

Manager. If ready, why the devil don't he come?
Here am I roaring like a kettle-drum!

Prompter. O here he comes, Sir,—clear the Stage
make way. [*Enter Prologue Speaker.*

Speaker. What, must I speak a Prologue to your Play?
Sir, I'm no puppet to be mov'd at will,
Nor skip on wires to shew my master's skill.
Yet, if you'll go, and leave the Stage to me,
I'll plead your cause without or bribe or fee.

[*Manager and Prompter retire.*

This stage, which late a charming scene display'd,
Of many a *wooden head* in masquerade ;
Our Manager, a Thespian Quixote grown,
Saw, and like Sancho's master knock'd it down!
In dread confusion dolls on dolls were toss'd,
Some heads were broken, and some legs were lost !
No more their mimic actions shall delight,
Of fashions full grown babes, the fickle sight :
Yet let not malice satirize the plan,
Each day displays the tricks of puppet man !
A mere Automaton ! by interest led,
His passions govern'd by the slightest thread ?
He bows obedient to his patron's sway,
Weeps if he weeps, and if he smiles is gay,
Yet some there are who nobly dare to be,
At once, in action, and in judgment free ;
Who scorn the arts by which the servile rise,
Detest their flattery, their success despise ;
Who noblest ends, by noblest means pursue,
That such there are, methinks I read in you.
But should the ladies grieve for pleasures past,
And mourn the Fantoccini could not last ;
We'll share each weeping Fair-one's grief, and then
Instead of puppets, we will give them men,
Who feels the influence their charms impart,
Glow on the cheek, and vibrate in the heart ;
Who own no power like beauty, to improve
The mind's best feelings is the school of love.

THE STROLLER'S APOLOGY,

SPOKEN IN CHARACTER

AT THE PANTHEON MASQUERADE, AND AFTERWARDS, (WITH CONSIDERABLE ALTERATIONS) AT MRS. BROADSHEAD'S MASQUERADE.

In real life though few act well their part,
Rejecting nature, and adopting art;
The Stroller must the passions all display,
And suit his feelings to each change of play.
Sometimes Charles Surface roaring out his toast,
Then, Hamlet starting at his father's ghost!
Next Falstaff, leering at the merry wife;
Now Richard, fighting for his crown and life!
Or, stung with guilt, at Duncan's purpos'd death,
Stare at the visionary dagger, as Macbeth:
And when the bowl, the dagger, and the string,
Has clear'd the stage, of hero, mute, and king;
In humble farce we court the comic vein,
In our eyes pleasure, in our bosoms pain,
Yet sure for tragedy we're much more fit,
For rags, and poverty are foes to wit,
And fair Jane Shore, that interesting sinner!
In truth may say, she's faint for want of dinner.

While Ammon's son, his dreams of glory pass'd,
If thin the house, in Babylon must fast!
But not to Stroller's is confin'd the rage,
Of acting plays in this capricious age;
Peers, knights, and commoners, with ladies fair,
Sigh out their souls, or rant in wild despair;
And occupy those barns, in many a town,
Where we have laugh'd, and wept for half a crown!
Nor have we Wand'rers the prescriptive art
To act throughout this life a double part;
For the proud senator, you daily see,
Who bellows out for Freedom! Liberty!
At home pursues the tyrant's guilty life,
Nor grants that freedom to a wretched wife.
The patriot, out of place, can rail at kings,
And deems court honours, mean and trifling things;
But when the scene is chang'd, behold him stand,
The wand of office glitt'ring in his hand!
Courteous he bows, now skill'd in statesman's wiles,
And leaves the people, for the prince's smiles.
The cringing courtier, bred, from early youth,
No friend to freedom, and a foe to truth;
Plac'd, is a Tory, and the monarch's slave,
Turn'd out, a Hampden risen from the grave!
Recanted errors gain the croud's applause,
He shines a Whig, the prop of freedom's cause!
The doctor cries, "avoid all pois'nous wine,"
But drinks two bottles, or he could not dine:

While lawyers prove *that* right, they know is wrong,
As money makes the cause, or weak, or strong.

Thus on the stage of life mankind display,
A checker'd character, each several day;
Though some, not suited to the scenes they fill,
May act, like me, their fictious parts but ill.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE

TO

CYMBELINE.

WRITTEN FOR A SCHOOL.

With ardent hope, not free from doubt and fear,
At your tribunal we again appear;
Conscious that friendship will our wants supply,
And view our efforts with a partial eye.
In Shakspeare's buskin, marshal'd on the stage,
Romans and Britons valiantly engage:
But diff'rent far the motives that excite
Each rival warrior to commence the fight;
For plunder one the hostile jav'lin wields,
The other to protect his native fields;
To save his children from the murd'rer's knife,
From rape his daughter, and from lust his wife!
Motives like these resistless strength impart,
Nerve the bold arm, and steel the manly heart!
And if in honour's field he nobly dies,
His grave is hallow'd by a nation's sighs;
And mem'ry consecrates to deathless fame,
The warrior's glory, and the patriot's name!

While thus with mimic ardour we engage,
And fight our country's battles on the stage;
The youth of England all in arms advance
To face the legions of invading France:
Thus strong by land, triumphant on the wave,
Britons united all invasion brave!
Ev'n we, the pupils of the book and pen,
Though boys in years, in spirit feel as men;
And eager wait that period that shall prove,
How deeply rooted is our country's love!
And that the earliest lessons taught us here
Were, to fear God, and know no other fear;*
The king to honour, and his crown defend,
Proving ourselves the prince, and people's friend;
And when our country's standard is unfurl'd,
To fight beneath it 'gainst a warring world!

* This line is a translation from Racine.

PUBLIC PROLOGUES.

PROLOGUE TO THE WIDOW OF MALABAR,

A TRAGEDY.

PERFORMED AT COVENT GARDEN, MAY 5, 1790.

SPOKEN BY MR. HOLMAN.

In climes remote where Ganges rolls his wave,
At once the Indian's idol, and his grave;
Where sultry suns in ardent minds infuse
The richest subjects for the tragic muse,
A custom reigns which harrows up the soul,
And bends e'en nature to its stern controul!—
When fate cuts short the Hindoo's thread of life,
One tomb ingulphs the husband and the wife;
The widow, warm in youth must yield, her breath,
And, self-devoted, seek her lord in death,
In gay attire she mounts the awful pile,
Nor dares with tears the horrid rights defile;
Her heaving bosom must repress the sigh,
And learn with stoic apathy to die!
For should she yield to nature's pow'rful sway,
And not, with smiles, this *Brahmin* law obey;

Should she with horror shun the scorching flame,
Eternal infamy awaits her name!
Driv'n from her *cast* she wanders on the earth,
Disown'd by those to whom she owes her birth;
Life grows a burthen which she cannot bear,
And death the only refuge from despair!
Unhappy race! by double chains confin'd,
Oppress'd in body, and enslav'd in mind;
For ever doom'd some tyrant to obey!
The priest's, the despot's, or the stranger's prey;—
How bless'd the natives of this happier land!
Where freedom long has made her glorious stand!
Where neighb'ring kingdoms may with envy see
The monarch great, because the subject's free!
A nation fam'd for arts, in arms renown'd,
By laws themselves created only bound;
Who boast, what History can seldom prove,
A prince enthron'd upon his people's love!
Would Europe's sons, who visit Asia's shore!
Where plunder'd millions can afford no more,
To nobler ends direct their future aim,
And wipe from India's annals Europe's shame!
Let them with reason's pow'r subdue the breast,
Inform the erring, and relieve th' oppress'd;
By laws benign a gen'ral bliss impart,
And fix an empire in the grateful heart.
These are pursuits, more worthy of them far!
Than realms obtain'd by all-destroying war.

And now our author bade me plead the cause
Of one whose proudest hope is your applause.
On your support the trembling bard depends,
You, who to merit prove the constant friends;
Who love the Muse's offspring to sustain,
Who judge with candour, and condemn with pain.

PROLOGUE TO COLUMBUS.

PERFORMED AT COVENT-GARDEN, 1792.

SPOKEN BY MR. HOLMAN.

When fam'd Columbus nobly dar'd to brave
The untried perils of the Western wave,
Ten thousand dangers in his passage lay;
Dark was his night, and dreary was his day!
The rude companions of his bold design,
Fatigued with toil, against their chief combine:
When sudden, bursting on the astonish'd view!
A world discover'd prov'd his judgment true.—
Yet black ingratitude, the great man's fate!
Pursued Columbus with envenom'd hate;
But souls like his, a base degenerate race
Might meanly persecute, but not disgrace;
The noble mind its energy maintains,
In spite of dungeons, tyranny, and chains!
The sons of Europe found a guileless race,
No fraud was veil'd beneath the smiling face;

Their manners mild, benevolent, and kind,
Pourtray'd the cloudless shunshine of the mind:
Bless'd in their prince's patriarchal reign,
Whose pow'r relieved, but ne'er inflicted pain;
Their placid lives no fancied evils knew,
Their joys were many, and their wants were few.
One custom with their virtues ill agreed,
Which made humanity with anguish bleed:
Compell'd at superstition's shrine to bow,
The hapless victims of a cruel vow!
Their sweetest maids were often doom'd to prove
No joy in friendship, nor no bliss in love!
Yet love, and nature cannot be suppress'd,
The sigh will heave, and palpitate the breast!
For spite of vows which Heaven's wise laws disown,
Love sits triumphant on the heart, his throne!
And breaks those fetters bigots would impose,
To aggravate the sense of human woes.

The rigid laws of time, and place, our bard,
In this night's drama, ventures to discard:
If here he errs, he errs with him whose name
Stands, without rival, on the rolls of fame!
Him, whom the passions own, with one accord,
Their great dictator, and despotic lord!
Who, plac'd aloft on inspiration's throne,
Made fancy's magic kingdom all his own,

Burst from the trammels that his muse confin'd,
And pour'd the wealth of his exhaustless mind!
Though Shakspeare's flight no mortal shall pursue,
Columbus' story, patronized by you,
Will yield an off'ring grateful to his dust,
A British laurel on a hero's bust!

PROLOGUE TO HOW TO GROW RICH.

PERFORMED AT COVENT-GARDEN, 1793.

SPOKEN BY MR. POPE.

WHILE jarring discord flies this happy land,
And Whig and Tory shake each other's hand;
Proud to display the flag of Britain's pride,
And hoist the union on their country's side:
That noble banner of our nation's fame,
Unstain'd by cruelty, unknown to shame!
Still may it ride triumphant o'er the wave,
The signal both to conquer and to save!
While England's sons in gallant bands advance,
To hurl just vengeance on perfidious France;
And adverse parties zealously unite
For Freedom's cause, and Freedom's king to fight!
Our author loyal, though not fond of arms,
Has for his own concerns some slight alarms:
He shakes his head, and owns he sometimes fears
The Muse of smiles may join the muse of tears;
Together read the sweet pathetic page,
And banish joke, and laughter from the stage;

Till comedy, quite sentimental grown,
Doffs her light robe to wear the tragic gown;
Draws from the virgin's breast hysteric sighs,
And thinks to weep is all the use of eyes!
Still may each rival Muse her pow'r maintain,
With smiles Thalia best supports her reign;
To start the tear, and palpitate the heart,
Justly demands her sister's nobler art:
Each has her charms, and, while to nature true,
Each finds impartial advocates in you.
If these fair rivals, jealousy forgot,
Should once embrace, and tie the friendly knot,
Mirth must retire, and hide her dimpled face,
Convuls'd with laughter at the strange embrace;
Our bard, discarded, must his jokes forego,
And Vapid's* frolicks yield to Werter's woe!
The author's prospects bear a brighter hue,
Should his light scenes be now approv'd by you;
'Twas you who taught his earliest hopes to soar,
Be still his patrons as you've been before!
Acquitted often by this gen'rous court,
He dares once more rely on your support.

* Vapid, a character in the Dramatist, a comedy which Mr. Reynolds wrote soon after Werter, his first attempt in tragedy.

PROLOGUE TO THE BANK NOTE.

PERFORMED AT COVENT-GARDEN, 1795.

FEW will their follies, or their faults allow,
If stern instruction wears an haughty brow;
But when the muse unfolds the drama's page,
And gives a moral lesson from the stage;
Our pride, so prone to take alarm, 's at rest,
And vice, abash'd, unplumes his gaudy crest.
To night our author shews a female mind
(For friendship, love, and tenderness design'd!)
Seduc'd, by Imitation's tyrant pow'r,
To yield to ev'ry fashion of the hour:
Horses the day, and cards the night employ,
And leave no time for one domestic joy;
The soft endearments of connubial life,
That bless the mother, and adorn the wife!
The smile, which health and innocence supply,
Are ever strangers to her haggard eye.
Yet may we hope this giddy town can boast
Some who defy great Pharoah and his host;

Who think that life can sweeter joys afford,
In friendly converse, at the social board,
Than in the dull monotony of play,
Shuffling for ever cards and life away!
The Muse, disgusted, shuns a scene like this,
And turns to prospects of a nation's bliss:
Brunswick possess'd a treasure, good as fair!
And gave that treasure up to England's heir:
Oh! may their joys with ev'ry hour increase,
And their sweet union be the pledge of peace!
May nuptial love a lasting wreath entwine,
To bind the hearts of George and Caroline;
And let them to make happiness their own,
Copy the bright example on the throne!

Our bard's Bank Note for currency must wait
On your opinion, which decides its fate;
It's credit firm as England's bank shall stand,
If once supported by your notes of hand!

PROLOGUE

TO THE WAY TO GET MARRIED.

PERFORMED AT COVENT-GARDEN, 1796.

THE Stage should be to life a faithful glass,
Reflecting modes, and manners as they pass;
If these extravagant appear to you,
Blame not the drama, the reflection's true.

Our Author makes of virtue no parade,
And only ridicules the vice of trade;
Exposes folly in its native tint,
And leaves mankind to profit by the hint.
The modern buck, how diff'rent from the beau,
In bag and ruffles, sixty years ago!
The city coxcomb then was seldom seen,
(Confin'd to Bunhill Row, or Bethnall Green)
West of Cheapside you then could rarely meet
The gay Lothario of Threadneedle Street!
His folly scarcely met the public eye,
Or, like a shadow, pass'd unheeded by;

Tradesman, and rake, were then remov'd as far,
As gay St. James's is from Temple Bar!
But now the Cit must breathe a purer air,
The Change he visits, lives in Bedford Square;
Insures a fleet, then Bootle's club attends,
Proud to be notic'd by his titled friends;
And tries to join, by dissipation's aid,
The man of fashion, with the man of trade!
Vain to associate with superior rank,
He quits his ledger, for the Faro Bank;
His dashing curricle down Bond Street drives,
Risking his own, and worse, his horses' lives!
Till urging fortune's glowing wheel too fast,
This empty air-blown bubble breaks at last!

Though trade may give such upstart mushrooms birth,
The Muse pays homage to its real worth.
This Isle to commerce owes its splendid state,
The source of all that makes her truly great!
And, 'midst her busy sons, enough are found
To raise dejected mis'ry from the ground.
While commerce, with a lib'ral heart, bestows
Her wealth, to mitigate the poor man's woes;
Seeks out the wretch, his gloomy prison cheers,
And wipes, with pitying hand, the widow's tears.
The applauding world will say, such bounty giv'n,
The English merchant is the steward of Heav'n!

Our author now that candour must implore,
Which your indulgence has bestow'd before;
Still on a gen'rous public he depends,
Give your support, he asks no better friends.

PROLOGUE TO FORTUNE'S FOOL.

PERFORMED AT COVENT-GARDEN, IN 1796.

To each new play a prologue must appear,
Like Poet Laureat's Ode to each new year;
But here at once the simile must end,
Chance is the Laureat's, not the prologue's friend;
He may anticipate the coming hour,
By the prophetic Muse's magic pow'r;
But we, like shewmen, trumpet forth our ware,
Promise you feasts, but shew no bill of fare;
Bound down to secrecy, we must not say
One word, upon the subject of the play:
Yet, for our author, this I dare impart,
He bears your former favours next his heart!
And though the course he steers to night be new,
He fears no quicksands, pilotted by you,
Whose pow'rful aid, and all-sustaining hand
Have ever brought his little bark to land,
And moor'd her, where his hope begins and ends,
Safe in the haven of his gen'rous friends.

Perhaps these crowded benches may contain
Some who've been fool'd in fortune's giddy train!
Some who, with ceaseless toil, pursuing wealth,
Have gain'd their object, but have lost their health,
And prov'd, at length, that gold can ne'er bestow
A balm for sickness, or a shield for woe:
Some, who ambitious of a fleeting name,
Have barter'd happiness, and peace, for fame!
And found, too late, in disappointment's school,
How oft ambition makes us Fortune's Fool!

Our author on Thalia's treasury draws,
An annual candidate for your applause!
Which, like the fresh'ning dews of rising morn,
Hangs, through his life, a gem on ev'ry thorn!
To night once more his fate on you depends,
His gen'rous patrons, and his pow'rful friends!
'Twas you who brighten'd up his early day,
And now to independence lead the way.
The curtain drop'd, he'll prove, if you have smil'd,
Not Fortune's Fool, but Fortune's fav'rite child.

PROLOGUE

TO THE CURE FOR THE HEART-ACHE.

PERFORMED AT COVENT-GARDEN, 1797.

If invalids possess but faith and wealth,
They'll find a nostrum to restore their health;
A panacea, advertised to cure
Each ill the human body can endure!
But our bold author claims a nobler art,
And advertises to relieve—the heart.
So many patients he expects to see,
That I'm appointed as his deputy:
Now, then, your mental maladies explain,
And I'll remove or mitigate the pain.
Does love or jealousy, your peace molest?
Revenge inflame? ambition gnaw your breast?
For jealousy a sov'reign balm behold,
The husband's certain cure—a pill of gold;
[*shews a purse.*
This dose, administer'd with prudent care,
Dispels at once the frailties of the fair;

Deprives the Proctor of his *Crim. Con.* fee,
And tunes the chord that jarr'd to harmony.
Should love torment some Romeo's heated brain,
Or agonize a Juliet's breast with pain;
Let them my potent remedy apply,
The maid shall cease to pine, the youth to sigh!
Gold shall restore each drooping lover's health,
And passion find a substitute in wealth.
But let not ill-tim'd ridicule degrade
What heav'n, when well applied, a blessing made:
To foster merit wheresoever found,
And with improvement cheer a country round;
To feed the hungry, and to clothe the poor,
And send the beggar happy from the door;
To mitigate the horrors of despair,
And make the family of want his care;
To succour genius drooping in distress,
Making the business of his life to bless!
When the rich man can such employment find,
We wish his purse as ample as his mind!
For one poor patient I've an anxious fear,
And you must be his kind physicians here:
Our author has to night so much at stake,
He finds his throbbing heart inclin'd to ache!
But should his play a lib'ral audience please,
Your warm applause will set his heart at ease.

PROLOGUE

TO SECRETS WORTH KNOWING.

PERFORMED AT COVENT-GARDEN, IN 1798.

FROM Dryden's period to our present days,
Thus, would-be-critics censure *modern* plays:
Some are too dull, without intrigue or jest,
And some mere speaking pantomimes at best;
That living authors are by dead surpass'd,
So he must write the worst, who writes the last.
Still each new drama captiously they blame,
And, though the town be pleas'd, deny it fame.
Should such decisions be allow'd as just,
The bays denied the bard may grace his bust!
But if this taste for *Antiques* we pursue,
Age may improve wit, wine, and women too;
Our beaux will then neglect the young and fair,
And auburn tresses yield to hoary hair!
The blooming maid, with ev'ry charm and grace,
The dimpled cheek, the fascinating face,

With nature, truth, and honour by her side,
This taste may doom to be a weeping bride!
Youth will not charm, nor beauty hearts engage,
But love-sick grandmothers be all the *rage!*
One old opinion we will still retain,
The right that England has to rule the main.
Long as the sea shall fence our envied land,
Long as our navy shall that sea command:
So long shall Howe's, St. Vincent's, Duncan's name,
Be grav'd by mem'ry on the rock of fame!
The page of hist'ry shall their deeds repeat,
With Britain's triumph, and the foes defeat!
But ah! the pensive Muse, with tearful eye,
Views glory's brightest triumph with a sigh!
And 'midst the shouts victorious fleets attend,
Mourns o'er the ashes of an honour'd friend,
Who in his country's quarrel fought and bled,
By England number'd with her patriot dead!*
May war's alarms 'twixt rival nations cease,
And all embrace that lovely stranger, peace;
Whose olive branch, once planted by her hand,
Shall bless a loyal, brave, and happy land!

[*after a pause.*

* The House of Commons voted an address to the King, begging his Majesty would cause a monument to be erected, in Westminster Abbey, to the memory of Captain Burgess; the only commander who fell in Admiral Duncan's glorious action with the Dutch Fleet, on the 11th of October 1797.

This night our author's hopes on you are plac'd,
His former efforts by your smiles were grac'd:
To your decree submissively he bends,
Trusting his judges will be found his friends.

PROLOGUE TO THE VOTARY OF WEALTH.

PERFORMED AT COVENT-GARDEN, IN 1799.

To please the town is not a task severe,
Wit will command a smile, distress a tear!
And he whose moral picture plainly shews
The tree of vice can bear no fruit but woes;
That, though successful long in fashion's reign,
The villain's wages are disgrace and pain!
But that the good, by bounty wisely giv'n,
Can make this vale of tears resemble Heav'n;
With new-born comfort hush the widow's sigh,
And wipe the tear from pallid mis'ry's eye.
The bard, who thus employs his useful pen,
Imprints his drama on the hearts of men,
Commands respect from age, applause from youth,
And makes the stage assist the cause of truth.
Yet has the Author many an anxious fear,
As his probationary night draws near:
When to his friends the manuscript is read,
Each social critic nods the approving head;
Most yield him flatt'ry, some with jaundic'd eye,
Glance at a fault, and at a beauty sigh;

But these are few, true genius still delights
To gaze with rapture at the muse's flights,
And scorns to triumph o'er a brother's fall,
When fame's wide dome is large enough for all!
Though none shall mount where Shakspeare sits sublime,
The drama's monarch to the end of time!
Within that fane they each a wreath may wear,
Which Nature's darling offspring hallow'd there;
And, seated at the base of Shakspeare's throne,
Feel some small portion of his fire their own!
Thus, if they knew their interest, wits would be,
By friendship, bound in one great family;
And, if deserving, all might reap the bays
From the rich harvest of the public praise.

PROLOGUE TO SPEED THE PLOUGH.

PERFORMED AT COVENT-GARDEN, 1800.

In ev'ry age the trump of deathless fame
Proclaims the warrior's, and the poet's name;
Painting and sculpture all their pow'rs combine,
And laurels deck the bard's and hero's shrine.
No further will the parallel extend,
The poet's honours on success depend;
While fortune's frown can ne'er molest the brave,
Nor blast the laurel springing from his grave!
An equal wreath impartial fame supplies
To him who conquers, and to him who dies;
For British valour was display'd not more
On Nile's proud flood than Helder's barren shore!
The chance of war the bravest may control,
But leaves untouch'd the courage of the soul;
And England gives her heroes, ever dear!
The shout of triumph, or the falling tear.
Not so the bard, with him success is all!
When fortune frowns, his air-built castles fall:
But if she smiles, he sails with prosperous breeze,
Like the small Nautilus, o'er summer seas,

Whose little oars on ocean's bosom sweep,
Fearless of all the monsters of the deep. [*after a pause.*
Oft at this bar, our author has been tried,
Where English judges take the pris'ner's side!
Guilty of faults, no doubt, he will appear,
But human errors find acquittal here,
Where e'en the friendless always meet support,
From honest juries, and an upright court.
Critics who rule o'er politics and plays,
If you are adverse, vain the poet's lays;
You who with equal hands the balance hold,
Whose just decision ne'er was bought, or sold,
But who to ev'ry candidate dispense
His lot of humour, and his share of sense,
Protect our author on the coming day,
And though you damn the prologue, spare the play;
To your decree each dramatist must bow,
Give but your aid, and that will Speed the Plough.

POEMS

UPON VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

AN ADDRESS TO EVERY LOYAL BRITON

ON THE

THREATENED INVASION OF HIS COUNTRY.

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING OF 1798.

When Rome's proud legions sought the Albion shore,
To give insatiate pow'r one trophy more,
The hardy Britons scorn'd to basely fly,
Determin'd to repel the foe, or die,
Their bodies form'd the bulwark of their coast,
And Cæsar's triumph was an empty boast!
The world's great master then this truth confess'd,
That arms are vain to subjugate the breast!
When the poor natives of a barren land,
Could check the eagle in a Roman's hand.
In after ages, when Eliza's throne
Was prop'd by England's courage, and her own,
The gloomy Philip forg'd his galling chain,
And cover'd, with his hostile fleet, the main:
Secure in numbers, confident in pow'r,
The tyrant brooded o'er the approaching hour,

When England, crush'd beneath his conqu'ring sword,
Should lose that freedom which his soul abhorr'd:
But vain the vast Armada's countless host!
His vanquish'd legions, wreck'd upon our coast,
This lesson learn'd upon the roaring waves,
That Britons never, never, will be slaves!
Let France, who envies us because we're free,
Tempt, with her boasted *Rafts*, the stormy sea;
No friends in Britain's Isle our foes would meet,
Should they escape the thunder of our fleet:
All party diff'rence would, at once, be o'er,
Soon as a hostile Frenchman trod the shore;
Then ev'ry jarring int'rest would unite,
And none dispute but who should foremost fight!
Then should these frantic, bold invaders feel
How sharp, on British ground, is British steel!
And Gallia's sons, who scap'd the whelming wave,
In England only land, to find a grave.
But should a native take the invader's part,
Eternal curses blast the traitor's heart!
Expose it bare to everlasting shame,
And deathless infamy record his name!
Where ever tide can waft, or wind can blow,
Our gallant navy triumphs o'er the foe:
His ports block'd up, his fleets in ruin hurl'd,
Prove Britain mistress of the wat'ry world!
Though trembling nations prostrate round her fall,
Crush'd by the pow'r of wide destroying Gaul;

Though Europe suffers, to her foul disgrace,
This second inroad of the Vandal race;
Still our triumphant trident rules the sea,
And Britons are, and ever will be, free!

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND

FOR THE

ANNIVERSARY OF THE ASYLUM FOR FEMALE ORPHANS,

MAY 20, 1799.

Of all the charities that grace this land,
Where mild benevolence, with outstretch'd hand,
Relieves the varied ills which man attend,
His guide in infancy, in age his friend!
This sure a just pre-eminence may gain
Which guards the female child from want and shame;
Supplies a father's place, a mother's care,
The orphan's bless'd asylum from despair!
Where friendless innocence may always meet,
From chilling poverty, a safe retreat.
Ah! helpless sex! too often doom'd to know
The flatt'ring friend is but an ambush'd foe!
How many from man's seeming bounty trace
The treach'rous wages of their own disgrace!
But in this mansion ere their cares begin
Virtue and industry protect from sin:

While the great moral lesson taught them here
Is to fear God, and know no other fear!*
If Heav'n permits departed shades to know
What fate attends their offspring here below,
The hov'ring spirits of the just may view,
With pure delight, their children sav'd by you!
While, to the realms of bliss return'd again,
The tongues of angels laud the works of men,
And, grateful for the Almighty's mercies shewn,
Hymn, in seraphic strains, the Eternal Throne!

* Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.
ATHALIE DE RACINE.

AN ADDRESS TO THE LITERARY FUND;

RECITED BY THE AUTHOR, AT FREEMASON'S HALL,

APRIL 27, 1797.

Our social board the Stoic might attend,
Pleasure the means, benevolence the end!
While thousands croud to hear the warbling strain,
Few seek the mansions of distress and pain;
They thirst for pleasure, little understood,
Nor know the luxury of doing good.
And yet the liberal stream of bounty flows
To mitigate the helpless beggar's woes;
A thousand charities their aid extend
To prove that England is misfortune's friend.
But oh how hard the task to yield relief,
Where genius feels a dignity in grief!
Where the proud spirit of a gen'rous breast,
From ostentatious bounty shrinks opprest!
The letter'd victim, pining with the smart
Of worth neglected, cank'ring at his heart,

Rejects the gold that vanity supplies,
But while he scorns the insult, starving dies.
Be it yours a blest asylum to create,
To meliorate the friendless author's fate;
To yield relief, yet spare the honest pride
That still attendant walks by merit's side.
" That gen'rous pride that scorns all servile art,
" And warms in poverty, the noble heart,
" Feels its own value, yet would blush with shame
" To rob an other of his well-earn'd fame.
Be it yours to raise some Otway's drooping head,
Who pines in want, yet cannot beg for bread.
Lamented Otway! whose energic lyre
Yields but to Shakspeare's never-equall'd fire!
Condemn'd to penury, disease, and pain,
He dragg'd, with weary steps, life's heavy chain;
Gifted by Heav'n, he sunk in sad neglect,
No friendly hand to succour and protect;
But doom'd, with aggravated grief, to find
The great regardless, and the rich unkind!
At length, the niggard poor relief supplied,
The famish'd bard but tasted, groan'd, and died.
Eternal blot on Charles's vicious reign!
When genius languish'd in distress, and pain,
While pamper'd sycophants, a servile band!
Enjoy'd the favours of his lavish hand.

* The four lines mark'd with inverted commas are taken from one of the author's prologues.

Such foul reproach this age can never fear;
Neglected merit finds its patrons *here*,
Patrons from feeling, not from vain display,
Where the coarse manner takes the worth away;
But those who feel for genius in distress,
Ambitious only of the pow'r to bless.

AN ADDRESS TO THE LITERARY FUND;

RECITED BY THE AUTHOR, AT FREEMASON'S HALL,

MAY 3, 1798.

This generous band, once more assembled here,
Checks in the Muse's eye the starting tear;
While pensive mem'ry dwells, with many a sigh,
On learning's vot'ries doom'd in want to die.
To trace the mournful catalogue would shew
The sons of genius are the heirs of woe!
And that superior talents often doom
Their proud possessor to an early tomb;
Or else condemn their victim to sustain
A youth of envy, and an age of pain!
Remember Chatterton, ordain'd to feel
Neglect, more racking than the torturing wheel.
For him the stream of patronage is dry,
The tear of anguish dims the poet's eye;
Cold penury his lonely steps attend,
And the wide world affords him not a friend.
Grief in his heart, distraction in his brain,
He drinks oblivion to the sense of pain,

And madly ventures o'er that fatal bourn,
From whence to cheerful day there's no return!
Had England no Mecænas who would save
So bright a genius from a timeless grave,
Snatch from his hand the chalice of despair,
And place the cup of peace and comfort there.
Oh! had this lib'ral band existed then,
His bosom, reconcil'd to life again,
Had felt the energy that hope inspires,
Hope that still fans and feeds the Muse's fires!
Her timely aid benevolence had giv'n,
Nor had his impious deed offended Heav'n.
Yet surely boundless mercy, thron'd sublime,
Permits his suff'rings to atone his crime!
While meek-eyed pity, pointing to his bust,
Melts into tears and consecrates his dust.
Peace to his ashes! may recording fame
Preserve his mem'ry, and forget his shame!
Each lib'ral mind your purpose will applaud,
When doing good's your object, and reward;
No ostentation mars your gen'rous deed,
Making the bosom that is succour'd bleed;
No party reigns, no politics inflame,
Benevolence alone your end, and aim.
To foster science in her humble shade,
And spare her feelings while you bring her aid,
Must make your plan, the more 'tis understood,
Attract the wealthy, and delight the good.

Though small, at first, your means to yield relief,
And stop the progress of the Muse's grief,
Those means, each year, increas'd success attends,
And science triumphs to behold her friends!
Thus the small acorn, from a tender root,
Puts forth a weak, and unregarded shoot;
But, Nature's faithful process once begun,
It gains new strength with each revolving sun,
Till its firm stem the raging storm defies,
And its bold branches wave amidst the skies!

AN ADDRESS TO THE LITERARY FUND,

RECITED BY THE AUTHOR, AT FREEMASON'S HALL,

MAY 2, 1799.

Is there a sight the heart can hold more dear,
Than what humanity contemplates here?
Pure's the delight that animates the breast,
To see you throng to succour the distress'd.
Manes of Butler, Otway, Dryden, rise!
Behold an object grateful to your eyes;
England, at last atoning for her crime—
England, that starv'd the witty, and sublime!
With contrite feeling opes her ample store,
And bids the sons of genius starve no more.
'Tis said, that some to poesy are foes,
And think that literature engenders woes:
Such would bring back a barb'rous age again;
For none but Vandals persecute the pen!
Though some profane the Muse's gift divine,
And bow at avarice' or ambition's shrine;
Though some illiberal satire's pen employ,
And mingle hemlock in the cup of joy;

Pierce the recesses of domestic life,
Expose the husband, or defame the wife;
The tale of scandal bring to public eye,
And in smooth numbers circulate the lie—
The Muse's happier office is to prove
The bond of friendship, and the lamp of love;
To harmonize the passions of the mind,
To please, instruct, and meliorate mankind.
By her the selfish feelings are suppress'd,
And social virtues kindle in the breast;
She points to nature's wise and gen'rous plan,
And shews how strongly man depends on man;
This sacred truth the thatch-roof'd peasant owns,
And ermined monarchs feel it on their thrones!
A loyal zeal for freedom she inspires,
And fans with breath divine the patriot's fires.—
Is there a man so base, so lost to shame,
Who does not venerate the patriot's name!
Not the proud leader of a selfish crew,
Who'd grind the many, to enrich the few;
But he who active in his country's cause,
Asserts her liberties, maintains her laws;
Whose upright mind pursues no private end,
At once the Monarch's, and the People's friend!
Who stems oppression, which much oft'ner springs
From tyrant factions than from tyrant kings:
Arms for his sovereign, to his standard flies;
For freedom conquers, or for Freedom dies:

Not for that fiend, detested by the good,
That bath'd unhappy France with kindred blood;
That brutaliz'd a nation once humane,
Whose sire is discord, and whose offspring pain!
That drinks the tears despairing orphans shed,
Tortures the living, and insults the dead!
That leads from crime to crime, from bad to worse,
The Prince's tyrant, and the People's curse!
Which, like a torrent, bursting ev'ry mound,
Destroys the harvest, desolates the ground;
Saps the foundation of the loftiest tower,
And whelms the work of ages in an hour!
This Gallic dæmon, hated by the wise,
Shuns the keen searching of the patriot's eyes:
'Tis not for her his country's foe he braves,
In burning climes, or on the stormy waves;
But for that freedom, native of our soil,
That dignifies command, and sweetens toil!
Whose graceful form, unbent by time, appears,
Blooming as youth, though sanctified by years!
For British Liberty—that draws the line,
'Twixt wild democracy, and right divine;
With equal zeal the Monarch's power maintains,
And guards the Subject from despotic chains:
The slave who once imbibes the English air,
Freed from his fetters, owns the goddess there!
Where Heaven these words, in voice of thunder spoke.
The tree of freedom is the British Oak!

Excuse the warmth with which my Muse express'd
The subject nearest, dearest to my breast;
But, when the foes of earth and heaven conspire,
To desolate the world with sword, and fire,
Each honest man's a patriot at the heart,
And burns to take his king's and country's part.

When time has swept the present race away,
And friends to science celebrate this day;
Remembrance shall, with more than pleasure, name
And give your liberal patronage to fame—
To rival genius—mutual envy past—
Succeeding ages shall be just at last;
And he, who first this noble fabric rais'd,
Shall with no common gratitude be prais'd:
Time, that destroys the hero's trophied bust,
Shall spare the bay that blossoms o'er his dust.

AN ADDRESS TO THE LITERARY FUND,

RECITED BY THE AUTHOR, AT FREEMASON'S HALL,

APRIL 24, 1800.

When barb'rous nations sack'd imperial Rome,
And the world's mistress yielded to her doom;
Oblivion o'er that land her poppies flung,
Where patriot sages taught, and poets sung!
Science deplor'd her Tully's prostrate bust,
And genius dropp'd a tear on Maro's dust;
O'er Europe's face a gloomy darkness spread,
And learning deep in cloisters veil'd her head.
A Gothic age no patrons could afford,
Where ev'ry man was vassal or was lord;
Fierce was the temper, barren was the mind,
And war the only business of mankind:
Till Leo rose, to foster every art
That charms the fancy, and delights the heart;
On him each Muse was eager to attend,
And learning found a patron and a friend:
So, when stern winter reigns, all nature sighs,
The cheerful green of vegetation dies;

One dreary waste the eyes of man behold,
Deluged with rain, or blasted with the cold!
But when the glorious sun relumes the sphere,
The trees bud forth, the tender plants appear,
Nature no longer feels the winter's storm,
Cheer'd by the rays that ripen while they warm.
Enlighten'd science soon her radiance bore,
From fair Italia to our Northern shore;
Where genius breath'd his soul in Shakspeare's page!
And Milton shone the Homer of his age!

Yet in this soil, where all the virtues grow,
And, ere the poor can ask, the rich bestow!
Authors have often mourn'd their hapless lot,
Their works still cherish'd, but themselves forgot!
Hard is his task who writes for daily bread,
And pillows on a couch of cares his head.
Can fancy charm the poet's fever'd brain,
Where thought serves only to engender pain?
Can passion animate his torpid breast,
By hope deserted, and by want oppress'd!
And yet, though wretched, envy's constant aim,
The sport of fortune, and the slave of fame!
If he a patron seeks in time of need,
With giant's weight he leans upon a reed—
What can his Muse from pride of wealth expect,
But ostentatious aid, or cold neglect;
Tow'ring ambition scarce can look so low,
And selfish pleasure shuns the face of woe.

In life's more private scenes those virtues shine,
Where human nature proves her source divine;
'Tis there the great to suff'ring worth attend,
And man's misfortune finds in man a friend!

Your plan, which princes might be proud to own,
Long bless'd in silence, and was little known;
Early you saw, beneath your fost'ring care,
Genius and learning rescued from despair:
At first, 'tis true, you could but just bestow
A dew of comfort upon letter'd woe;
Yet did that dew a ling'ring life sustain,
Cheer the last pang, and smooth the bed of pain!
Gradual, but sure, your purpose works its way,
And ample bounty consecrates this day:
The streamlet thus obscurely glides along,
Till made, by tributary waters, strong,
Each drooping plant, refresh'd, new vigour shews,
To grace the living river as it flows;
Onward it rolls to meet the ocean's tide,
And spreads a gen'ral blessing far and wide.
Though other climes more genial suns supply,
A purer atmosphere, and clearer sky!
Amidst our gloomy days, and wint'ry storms,
Bounty protects, and godlike pity warms!
Though stern in war, and oft by factions cross'd,
The nation's character is never lost;
Humane, and manly, liberal, brave, and free,
Contending parties in this point agree,

To feel the pathos of misfortune's sighs,
And wipe the tears from pallid misery's eyes!
Illustrious isle! fair freedom's last retreat!
The throne of honour! pure religion's seat!
Object of Europe's envy, and her hate!
Still shalt thou stand amidst the nations great;
Still shall the persecuted stranger find,
Thy happy shores the refuge of mankind!
And the last prince of Darnley's house shall own,
His debt of gratitude to Brunswick's throne!*
Still shall thy naval arm thy foes repel,
Though leagu'd against thee all the powers of hell!
Thus Calpé's rock, high tow'ring from the main,
The pride of England, and reproach of Spain!
While at its base contending waters roar,
Indignant spurns the billows from the shore:
In vain the tempest low'rs, the winds arise,
And vivid lightnings fork the lurid skies;
By Heaven decreed 'gainst all assaults to stand,
It braves alike the ocean and the land!

* These lines allude to the princely succour his Majesty has afforded the Cardinal of York, who was reduced, by the French invasion of Italy, to the utmost distress.

HYMN

BY MONSIEUR DES BARREAUX,

WHO HAD BEEN ONE OF THE GREATEST WITS AND LIBERTINES IN FRANCE, BUT IN HIS LAST YEARS, WAS AS REMARKABLE A PENITENT.

GRAND Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplis d'equité ;
Toujoûrs tu prens plaisir à nous être propice.
Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté
Ne me pardonnera, sans choquer ta justice.
Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impiété
Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix du supplice :
Ton interêst s'oppose à ma felicité,
Et ta clémence même attend que je perisse.
Contente ton desir, puis qu'il t'est glorieux ;
Offence-toi des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux ;
Tonne ! frappe ! il est tems, rens moi guerre pour guerre ;
J'adore, en perissant, la raison qui t'aigrit.
Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton tonnere,
Qui ne soit tout couvert du sang de Jesus Christ ?

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING HYMN.

GREAT God thy judgments are supremely wise,
Thy greatest pleasure's to afford us good!
But I have sinn'd till pardon hope denies,
For mercy, sure, by justice is withstood!

Yes, Lord! my sins so load this impious head,
That nothing for thy clemency remains,
But how to punish crimes within me bred,
And end a life that's black with guilty stains.

Fulfill thy pleasure, mighty Lord of all!
But do my streaming eyes offend thy sight?—
These tears of penitence that hourly fall,
Will shortly quench their all offending light!

Then thunder! strike! and take my forfeit breath,
Wage war for war, and give me instant death!
With dying accents I'll adore, as just,
That pow'r that dooms me to the silent dust.

But oh! what spot can awful vengeance find,
Where can the fury of thy lightnings dart,
That is not bless'd with blood that sav'd mankind?
With blood that issued from a Saviour's heart!

A SOLILOQUY.

What wretch so low would wish to be a king!
Did he but know the never-ending cares
That wait on royalty!—ambition's self
Would turn his fiery eyes from the sad sight,
And seek, with pleasure, sweet obscurity.
'Tis not the golden trappings that we wear,
The brilliant court, the homage sycophants
Can pay, will chase that foe to balmy sleep,
That demon of the soul! rebellious care—
The giddy croud, still pleas'd with glitt'ring shew!
Gaze at the empty grandeur that attends
The throned monarch; admire the diamond
And the massy crown; but, heedless, never dream
That, under ev'ry gem, a serpent's sting
Lies hid, for our destruction. The regal robe,
To which mankind, with ceaseless toil, aspire,
Like that which jealous Dejanira gave
To Hercules, poisons the wearer!

EPITAPH ON A BEAUTY.

This stone, how poor a record to transmit
The charms of beauty, and the boast of wit!
How often flatter'd, by the weak, and wise,
Her snowy bosom, and her sparkling eyes!—
That bosom's whiteness shall be prais'd no more,
Nor flatt'ry lustre to those eyes restore.
Approach all you, who charms superior share,
Idols of men! and envy of the fair!
Approach with awe, and learn this solemn truth,
Death shews how vain are beauty wit, and youth!
He triumphs over ev'ry blooming charm;
But innocence, and virtue, death disarm.

ELEGIAC LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF A GENTLEMAN WHO DIED ON HIS PASSAGE FROM THE WEST INDIES.

LET pompous epitaphs extol the praise
Of wealthy vice, of crown'd, or titled shame!
But while the poet tries their fame to raise,
The marble dooms to infamy their name.

Thy grave, alas! no sculptur'd stone shall hide,
The sea possesses all thy mortal part!
Old ocean o'er thy bosom heaves his tide,
But still thy mem'ry warms a parent's heart.

The many virtues of his early youth
Oft she remembers, with a rising sigh!
And thinks it hard that honour, wisdom, truth,
Should but be born to blossom, blow, and die!

Would you, who read this plain and artless line,
Have pious drops bedew your mortal dust;
Your mind to Heav'n's Eternal will resign,
And place, like him, in God your constant trust!

He bow'd with patience to affliction's rod,
And never shed one weak, one murmuring tear;
Resign'd his clay to death, his soul to God,
And died without a groan, without a fear!

AN ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF C. RIBOT, ESQ.

WHO WAS DROWNED, IN THE PRESENCE OF A MUTUAL FRIEND.

Finis Vitæ ejus nobis luctuosus.—

What Muse of pity shall my heart invoke?
What mournful measure to express my grief?
Lament the social bond of friendship broke,
And, venting sorrow, give my soul relief!

How vain are all the purposes of man,
His hopes of happiness, and dreams of love!
Fruitless the scenes his fond ideas plan,
While doubtful hangs the balance from above!

Full in the pride of bold aspiring youth,
With manly health, and active spirits bless'd
I've lost a friend, a friend of matchless truth!
Whose mind the gen'rous virtues all possess'd.

And thou, Eugene, whom heav'n, in pity, spar'd,
And left me not a friendless wretch to mourn;
The pangs of death thy bosom must have shared,
When hapless Carlos from thy sight was borne!

Ah, cruel wave! that wash'd him from the shore,
And broke a link of friendship's sacred chain;
Why would'st thou not unto his friend restore,
The breathless body from the dreary main?

Alas! his corpse, expos'd to parching wind,
Floats o'er the surface of the treach'rous deep;
Ah! wretched mortals to the future blind!
How little did I think his death to weep:

And such a death!—ere half his days were flown,
Just when he enter'd on the world's wide stage;
When all those seeds in ripen'd strength had grown,
Which virtue planted in an early age.

No friendly care his relics to attend,
Nor decent stone his merits to record;
No warning sent of his approaching end,
Nor knowledge of the awful, dread award!

Yet with submission let me humbly bend,
And be my guilty murm'rings all suppress'd,
Th' Almighty call'd to Heav'n my much-lov'd friend,
And what his will decrees must prove the best!

And though no pompous honours are bestow'd,
No fun'ral rites upon his wat'ry bier;
Friendship shall pay the debt so justly ow'd,
And yield the annual tribute of a tear.

Oft as that fatal morning shall return
That gave my friend for ever to the wave,
Fancy before my eyes shall place his urn,
And call his image from the wat'ry grave!

Then when the vision opens to my view,
His many virtues mem'ry shall impart;
And, proving to our friendship ever true,
Shall write his epitaph upon my heart!

LINES

FIXED ON A VERY ANCIENT YEW TREE, OF EXTRAORDINARY SIZE, WHICH STANDS UPON A HILL, NEAR THE MANSION HOUSE, IN THE PARK AT HIMLEY HALL, STAFFORDSHIRE, THE SEAT OF LORD VISCOUNT DUDLEY AND WARD; WRITTEN IN 1791, WHILE ON A VISIT THERE.

This stately yew, which has for ages stood,
The gloomy monarch of its native wood!
Perhaps some Norman Baron planted here,
Who liv'd by rapine, and who ruled by fear;
The tree a symbol of its master's mind,
Emblem of death, and fatal to mankind!
Beneath its boughs no verdant plants are seen,
Its baneful branches poison ev'ry green;
And thus the feudal tyrant's hated reign
Oppress'd the village, and laid waste the plain.
To these dire scenes an happier age succeeds,
No despot threatens, and no vassal bleeds!
At Himley now the poor man finds relief,
Forgets his poverty, and checks his grief;
Raises his languid eyes, and drooping head,
To bless the liberal hand that gives him bread;

While, in the mansion, mirth and song attend,
To cheer the stranger, and delight the friend;
And smiling hospitality awaits
To open wide the ever-friendly gates.
But still the yew, though hast'ning to decay,
Retains the venom of its pristine day;
Its branches still their gloomy nature shew,
And frown upon the cheerful scene below.*

* This majestic yew stands among a number of old oaks, upon an abrupt hill; and, from its great elevation, the branches seem to overhang the house.

AN INSCRIPTION

TO THE

MEMORY OF JOHNSON AND GARRICK,

WHO ARE BOTH INTERRED, AT THE BASE OF SHAKSPEARE'S STATUE, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

TURN, musing stranger, thy enquiring eyes,
The shrine of Shakspeare points where Johnson lies;
And mourn with England that ill-fated day,
That snatch'd her sweetest moralist away!
Possess'd of all that mortal could acquire,
The critic's learning, with the poet's fire,
Without reproach through life's great scene he pass'd,
Esteem'd, rever'd, and honour'd to the last!
Pure were his morals, pure his learned pen,
The first of writers, and the best of men!
Near him, in death, the matchless Garrick lies—
For ever dim the magic of his eyes!
Whose potent spell could, with a glance, impart
Mirth to the fancy, terror to the heart!
To nature and her darling offspring true,
He copied not, but *was* what Shakspeare drew,
For ever varying and for ever new!

Congenial souls! that grac'd a polish'd age,
Born to elucidate sweet Avon's page!
Peace to the actor's, critic's, poet's shade,
Their debt to science and to nature paid!
Ere three such men as these again appear,
Death shall have ceas'd to cause mankind a tear!
Eternal bays shall bind each sacred bust,
And weeping genius shall bedew their dust!

* A copy of the above lines the author sent to the late James Boswell, Esq. at his very earnest request, on the 24th of May, 1793. Mr. Boswell then having an intention of inserting them in a future edition of his Life of Dr. Johnson.

THE FOLLOWING EPITAPH,

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF MISS E. OWEN, IS ENGRAVED UPON A HANDSOME MONUMENT IN ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, HAVERFORD WEST.

TO THE MEMORY

Of Mrs. Elizabeth Elliot, relict of Alexander Elliot, Esq. of Eareweare, in the county of Pembroke, and daughter of John Barlow, Esq. of Lawrenny, in the same county, who died the 18*th of May,* 1780, *aged sixty-six. This Monument was erected by Miss Elizabeth Owen, in testimony of the tender affection she bore her much-lamented Aunt.*

Oh! thou whose feet this hallow'd pavement tread,
From life's tumultuous scenes awhile retir'd,
To seek the peaceful mansions of the dead,
With tender or religious thoughts inspir'd;

If e'er the sympathy of soul was thine,
If e'er thy bosom heav'd at others' woe;
Stranger approach this monumental shrine,
And let the tears of pity gently flow!

Within this tomb a female form is laid,
Whose virtuous spirit sought its kindred sky—
Accept this off'ring, dear departed shade!
A niece's tribute, and a stranger's sigh.

Through ev'ry station of her blameless life,
From early youth to ever-honour'd age;
The cheerful friend, kind mistress, tender wife,
All praise might challenge, and all hearts engage.

As some memorial of her well spent days,
Her more than daughter placed this modest stone;
The child of gratitude inscrib'd these lays,
Who lov'd her living, and laments her gone!

The monument was executed in London, and sent into Wales the 15th of April, 1786.

TO MARIA.

FRESH as the dawn of breaking day,
With artless ease replete,
Maria innocently gay,
Can smile without deceit.

Her cheek is like the new-blown rose,
Blushing through morning dew!
That queen of ev'ry flow'r that grows,
Boasts not so sweet a hue!

The little tyrant god of love,
Sits in her dimpled face;
For her he quits his throne above,
And all th' æthereal race:

The Cyprean groves, his dear delight,
Can not afford him rest;
He quits his darling mother's sight,
For Mary's panting breast.

Pleas'd with that earthly seat of bliss,
He soon forgets the skies;
Resigns his godhead for a kiss,
That absent Heav'n supplies!

ON THE GAME OF COMMERCE,

OCCASIONED BY THE AUTHOR'S GIVING A YOUNG LADY THE ACE OF HEARTS, WHICH ENABLED HER TO WIN THE POOL.

In commerce most writers agree,
That exchange is the life of all trade—
A heart you have taken from me,
But I fear no exchange has been made!

Then if, my dear girl, you would play
By the rules of fair commerce alone;
Keep the heart you have taken away,
And let me, in exchange, have your own.

ON MISS —— ——

THOUGH oft the poet has been blam'd
For flatt'ry's odious crime;
Sure I, who ne'er the title claim'd,
May speak the truth in rhyme.

'Tis not Maria's face I prize,
Her manners greater charms display:
The lustre may forsake her eyes,
Her sweetness never will decay!

Not that her features want the grace,
A boundless passion to inspire;
The roses blooming on her face
Might set an Anchorite on fire!

Let Greece her Helen's beauty boast,
Which drove a madding world to arms;
That Fair-one ne'er had left her coast,
Had Paris known Maria's charms!

ADVICE TO A VERY PRETTY GIRL,

EXPOSED, FROM HER SITUATION IN LIFE, TO MUCH TEMPTATION.

WHILE ardent youth, and age, with hobbling pace,
Admire the beauties of thy charming face;
Attend the counsels of a friend sincere,—
Counsels that seldom reach the fair-one's ear!
Avoid those men who flatter to betray;
Insects that leave their stings, and fly away!
Who, with false vows, pretend an ardent flame,
Then basely triumph in a virgin's shame!
Let prudence guard thee from their treacherous art,
Nor let a hypocrite obtain thy heart:
Reserve that jewel for some gen'rous youth,
Whose soul is honour, and whose word is truth;
His constant love shall ev'ry bliss afford,
At once thy captive, and thy "Bosom's Lord"!

AN EXCUSE FOR A KISS.

ADDRESSED TO THE HONOURABLE MISS ******, IN CONSEQUENCE OF HER BEING OFFENDED AT THE AUTHOR'S SALUTING HER, AT A FRIEND'S TABLE, AFTER SUPPER.

When pleasure dances in the sparkling eye,
And the gay moments innocently fly;
While social intercourse unbends the heart,
And nature speaks without the veil of art;
If strongly tempted by this scene of bliss,
Th' unguarded mortal dares to snatch a kiss!
Though rigid custom should the deed disown,
And nature claim it for her act alone,
The gen'rous bosom may th' offence forgive,
Disarm the frown, and bid th' offender live.
Yet while contrition marks your suppliant's pray'r,
Who honours prudence in the youthful fair;
May no cold maxims ever disapprove
The kiss of friendship! or the sigh of love!

UPON A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WIDOW.

In her eyes are good temper and beauty combin'd,
The types of the virtues that glow in her mind!
Where pure innocence reigns, and lends to the face
That smile, which gives beauty additional grace:
May care never furrow that face with a frown,
Nor the tears of misfortune those eyes ever drown!
May that bosom ne'er heave with the sigh of despair,
But be tranquil within, as without it is fair!
May the blushing rose blowing her cheeks still adorn,
And the rose of her mind be exempt from the thorn!
Thus when beauty decays, and life ebbs fast away,
The evening of age will be calm as the day.
Then to Julia let's drink, may her heart ever prove,
Without one of the pangs, all the blessings of love!

TO A LADY

WHO ACCUSED THE AUTHOR OF FLATTERY.

WHILE your breast, my sweet maid, is from artifice free,
Why suspect that base vice is adopted by me?
Then attend to the words that I speak from my heart,
'Tis the language of truth unassisted by art:
I never could flatter, for nature's my guide!
I scorn to praise vanity, folly, or pride,
But when sense, and sweet temper to beauty unite,
The soul freely approves the first choice of the sight!

TO THE SAME.

A THOUSAND fops may flatter to deceive,
Yet doubt their transports, nor their vows believe;
But if a feeling heart with love should burn,
Approve the passion, and the love return;
For few the joys this checquer'd life bestows,
Its pleasures fleeting! permanent its woes!
Yet love can gild, with brightest rays the scene,
And hope can make the barren desart green;
For sure if bliss to human kind is known,
'Tis when two breasts a mutual passion own;
When hopes and fears to one dear object tend,
And the sweet mistress is the truest friend!

TO THE SAME.

When the apple to Venus by Paris was given,
It occasion'd much strife 'tween the fair-ones of Heaven;
For Juno and Pallas, by the Trojan rejected,
Were enrag'd that their charms could be seen and neglected;
While Discord rejoic'd that her pippin of gold,
Could make even Goddesses bluster, and scold!
Had you made a *fourth* in this famous convention,
An end had been put to the serious contention;
To fair Laura had Paris the apple resign'd,
Who can boast Venus' beauty, and Pallas's mind;
Each Goddess had yielded her claim to the prize,
And Discord been sooth'd with a smile from her eyes;
For beauty alone can but charm for an hour,
But, join'd to sweet temper, has absolute power!
The first may our senses a moment controul—
The latter finds only the way to the soul!

TO LUCY.

While gazing crowds, with admiration, trace
The winning beauties of thy angel face;
While mute observance on thy voice attends,
And those who came thy foes return thy friends;
My homage shall a nobler object find,
And praise th' unfading beauties of thy mind!
Thy coral lips from age may lose their dye,
And years may dim the lustre of thine eye;
That form may shrink, by many winters press'd,
And time may steal the lily from thy breast;
But mental charms experience no decay,
They keep their bloom in life's autumnal day!
And Lucy's smile shall many a heart engage,
When ev'ry polish'd limb is shrunk with age.

TO LAURA.

O! thou, sweet maid, whom all my thoughts employ,
Whose frown is torment, and whose smile is joy!
Whose beauteous image, ever in my sight,
Charms me by day, and fills my dreams by night;
How could thy breast, where nicest feelings reign,
Consent to agonize my heart with pain?
A heart that only beats with love of you,
And boasts no other worth than being true!
The sweet permission which your lips bestow'd,*
Cheer'd all my thoughts, and in my bosom glow'd;
Judge then what agony my heart must feel,
When you, in coldest words, the boon repeal;
Dash the fond hopes aspiring love had form'd,
And chill that breast your kind indulgence warm'd!
When these reflections cloud my troubled mind,
A Cherub whispers, Laura still is kind—
Oh! may the soothing dream prophetic prove,
Nor she reject the homage of my love!
That love that burns with pure, and lasting fires,
Which beauty kindled, but which worth inspires.

* The permission to correspond.

TO LAURA.

WHO can behold fair Laura's face
But with admiring eyes;
Where nature copied ev'ry grace
From angels in the skies!

But yet her charms are not confin'd
To tints that must decay;
The rival beauties of her mind,
Are brighter far than they.

Whoe'er that happy man shall be,
By Heav'n approv'd, belov'd by thee!
Who gains thy world of charms;
May he the precious gift adore,
Convinc'd that fate can give no more,
When circled in thy arms!

A YOUNG LADY, AT BATH,

Having learned the method of expressing words, by means of different coloured ribands, tied together in a particular manner, desired the Author to write some lines applicable to the subject, which request produced the following Extempore.

Before our thoughts by letters were express'd,
Love found a method to unfold the breast;
And, by a quick invention, could supply
To colours meaning, various as their dye:
The silent maid her wishes could impart,
And on a riband open all her heart;
Envy, in vain, the secret would discover,
To all a *riddle*, but the favour'd lover!

TO LAURA.

A MODEST innocence, untutor'd grace,
Beam from her eyes and play upon her face!
Despising fashion and to nature true,
She scorns the little arts her sex pursue;
No borrow'd colours flaring on her skin
Betray all art without, all pride within!
But nature's tints upon her cheek disclose
The lily, blended with the blushing rose;
No airs affected in her mien appear,
The senseless giggle, the conceited leer!
Gay, without folly, innocently free,
She charms all others, and has vanquish'd me.

SENT TO A LADY,

UPON HER BIRTH DAY, WITH A GOLDEN ANCHOR.

May my dear girl, on ev'ry birth-day, find
Content the golden anchor of her mind!
Still with her years may happiness increase,
And her heart be the sanctu'ry of peace!
Pure be her joys, exempt from all alloy,
Like the fine metal of this little toy.

TO THE SAME,

WITH A BOTTLE OF LAVENDER WATER.

The essence I send you, I hope you will find,
As sweet as your temper, as pure as your mind!
Though potent its spirit, than proof much above,
Yet its strength cannot equal the strength of my love,
Which founded on reason, experience and truth,
Makes my riper years sanction the choice of my youth.

LINES

WRITTEN IN MRS. OSBALDESTON'S GARDEN, AT TWICKENHAM.

WHILE Thames, for ever dear to tuneful song!
Glides his clear stream the Twickenham meads along;
Winding by Pope's, his sighs disturb the deep,
Where the old willow drooping seems to weep;*
But soon his troubled waters clear once more,
Meand'ring further on the well known shore;
Where wit, good humour, elegance attend
The kindest hostess, and the warmest friend!
Old Thames, upon his crystal urn reclin'd,
Chasing the clouds of sorrow from his mind,
Well pleas'd exclaims, and shakes his hoary brow,
'What Pope's was once, is Osbaldeston's now!'

* A willow, planted by the hand of Pope, still exists in Lord Mendip's garden; though it is propped up with much care, it appears in the last stage of decay.

ON MR. HOWARD,

WHO REFUSED A STATUE THE PUBLIC WISHED TO RAISE TO HIS HONOUR, DURING HIS LIFE.

When royal statues moulder into dust,
And broken lies the hero's trophied bust;
If yet humanity can heave a sigh,
When mis'ry lifts the pleading, tearful eye;
Howard thy name shall live in ev'ry clime,
And give defiance to the lapse of time!

" Friendship, like love, is but a name,
" Unless to one you stint the flame." GAY'S FABLES.

REFUTATION OF THE ABOVE LINES.

The British fabulist misleads the mind,
Friendship and love are better thus defin'd;
Love, like the diamond, when by many shar'd,
Loses its value, and becomes impair'd;
But friendship's more like gold, its ductile state
May stretch for ever, and retain its weight!

UPON LADY FRANCES LEESON.

WRITTEN AT BUXTON, IN 1790.

HER eyes that emulate cærulean blue
With dove-like softness gleam, and smile;
And, if the language which they speak be true,
Her heart is innocent of guile!

Sure all the beauties that we trace,
In Leeson's fair bewitching face,
Were copied from the realms above!
Those peerless eyes, that faultless form,
The mildness which her charms adorn,
Saints might admire! and angels love!

LINES

WRITTEN IN MRS. CRESPIGNY'S GROTTO, AT CAMBERWELL.

May no rude gale disturb this calm retreat,
The fane of friendship! and the Muse's seat!
But cooling show'rs, and fresh'ning Zephyrs bring
The ambrosial sweetness of perpetual spring!
While all the feather'd warblers, from above,
Chant their wild notes in eloquence of love!
May envy wither if she enters here,
And drooping mis'ry check the starting tear!—
Or if the mistress of the grot be nigh,
Let the poor wretch drink comfort from her eye;
Which melts in pity at an other's woes,
Gracing the boon her charity bestows.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A LADY OF DARK COMPLEXION, A NATIVE OF INDIA.

What though her cheeks no lilies grace,
Her mind may still be fair;
Those charms, which Heav'n denied her face,
May all be center'd there!

The lily's whiteness soon is pass'd,
The rose's bloom will fade;
But her attractions long must last,
Whose mind's without a shade!

IRREGULAR ODE TO LIBERTY.

OFFSPRING of Heav'n we bend to thee,
Sweet smiling goddess liberty!
Thy presence we adore;
Still with thy fav'rite isle reside,
And constant as the flowing tide,
Thy energies restore!
That fell security may never prove,
The grave of freedom, and of public love:

For ah! on ev'ry side, appears
The rusting hand of fleeting years,
And dire corruption's blast;
Thy Athens once so bless'd, and free!
Is curs'd with chains and infamy,
And Sparta's pride is pass'd!
Long hast thou left the fertile vales of Greece,
And with thee vanish'd valour, arts, and peace.

Then lighting on Italia's shore,
Thy temples rose to fame once more,

And Rome thy sway confess'd ;
But civil rage, and thirst of pow'r,
More fierce than Vandals to devour!
Estrang'd her from thy breast.
At length, by vice, and faction headlong driv'n,
Rome fell, deserted both by thee and Heaven!

Then as this isle thou hover'st o'er,
Doubtful to shun, or seek the shore
Sway'd by a tyrant's hand;
The barons felt thy balmy breath,
And, braving danger, chains, and death,
They woo'd thee to the land.
Firmly thou stood'st with brow serene,
While bending millions hail'd their queen!—

Despotic pow'r, at once, gave way,
Like yielding night to breaking day!
The iron reign of stern control,
No more appall'd the gen'rous soul;
No more repress'd those glowing fires,
Which freedom in the breast inspires;
Nature, from galling fetters free,
Temper'd command with liberty!
And from that happy moment thou hast prov'd,
The constant guardian of this isle belov'd.

Hear goddess! hear our ardent prayer,
Still be this envied soil thy care,

And never quit our shore!
In Britain's councils still preside,
And constant as the flowing tide,
Thy energies restore!
That fell security may never prove,
The grave of freedom, and of public love!

UPON THE

EXECUTION OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

When good men bleed our nature suffers pain,
And pitying angels may, perhaps, complain!
But when the villain dooms the villain dead,
Impartial justice nods th' approving head.
No tear bedews the grave where Orleans lies,
No orphan's blessing, nor no widow's sighs!
To princely wealth, and splendid titles born,
He liv'd of honour and of fame the scorn;
His youth, by grossest vices, was debas'd,
His manhood by the blackest crimes disgrac'd;
Without one virtue to adorn his state,
Without the courage to make guilt seem great—
A prince, unworthy of the name of man!
The meanest villain of the vilest clan!
Upon the scaffold yields his worthless breath,
In life detested, and despis'd in death!
In vain he sought, among his tools, a friend,
His train'd assassins dragg'd him to his end.

EPITAPH UPON ROBESPIERRE.

PASSANT! ne pleure pas mon sort—
Si Je vivois, Tu serois mort.

TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE LINES.

Stranger! forbear to grieve that I am dead,
For were I living, You would lose your head.

EPIGRAM

TO CAPTAIN THOMAS BYAM MARTIN, UPON HIS TAKING THE FRENCH FRIGATE L'IMMORTALITE'.

THE Thames,* by you to England's king restor'd,
Entwin'd a laurel round your maiden sword;
But this last trophy, won upon the sea,
Makes you partake of Immortality!

* The Thames frigate, captur'd this war by the French, was retaken by Captain Martin.

CAPTAIN HAMILTON,

Of the Surprise, with the boats of his frigate, cut the Hermione out of a Spanish port, in the West Indies. This intrepid action accasioned the following Lines.

When Spain, unmindful of her ancient fame,
Received the base assassins, England's shame!
Castillian honour heard the deed, and sigh'd—
Shock'd was her gen'rous nation's manly pride:
But Britain, mistress of the subject main.
Tears the Hermione from humbled Spain;
In vain beneath the rampart's fire she flies,
No harbour shields her from the bold Surprise!

EPIGRAM,

UPON WADING THROUGH A LATE SOMNIFEROUS "SUPPLEMENTAL APOLOGY," &c.

Poor George! in ev'ry page thy readers trace
The heavy influence of thy "*Leaden Mace:*"
They all exclaim, when once thy book is read—
'His ink is *Opium,* and his pen is *lead!*'

DESCRIPTION OF

"THE KEEP THE LINE CLUB,"

HELD AT THE SHAKSPEARE TAVERN, COVENT GARDEN.

SINCE our lives are so short, and our joys are so few!
Let's assemble together a sociable crew,
Where worth shall be present, good humour preside,
Nor no mortal be black-ball'd but folly and pride.
There Taylor shall pun, and we'll laugh at his jest,
Which often is new, and when old's well express'd:
By Apollo I swear that his name I'll transmit,
As a fellow whose humour is very like wit!
Tom Morton shall there make his smart repartee,
Fred Reynolds be whimsical, lively, and free;
And Holman, our chairman, with voice loud as thunder!
While he laughs at Fred's whim shall keep his noise under.
Miles Peter shall tell how Pitt smil'd when he spoke—
He shall frank all our letters, and we'll frank his joke:
Sam Rogers, whose talents are dear to the Nine!
Shall cease to complain that we ne'er "keep the Line;"
And the Tuftons, two honest good fellows and true!
In our club shall be plac'd, though they're both buff and blue;

And Wroughton be welcom'd, that cunning, sly elf!
Who found us all out soon as seated himself.
When absent Tom Twistleton * oft will be miss'd,
Who convinces alike with his tongue and his fist!
Of the rest of the Club all that's handsome I'd say,
Of Hoare, Wilson, Burgh, Sharp, and modest Moutray;
And each could I hitch in my rhyme, I'd commend,
As a pleasant companion, and sociable friend.

* Mr. Twistleton, while pugilism was in fashion, excelled much in that exercise.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ. ON HIS SENDING THE AUTHOR A NEW EDITION OF THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

"While mem'ry holds her seat" within my brain,
While my breast feels a pleasure or a pain,
So long thy poem will fresh joys impart,
Amuse my fancy and delight my heart;
Touch the fine nerves that all the passions move,
Re-kindle friendship, and enrapture love!
The mind, that glows with true poetic fire,
Feels no mean envy at a brother's lyre,
But freely pays the tribute which is due
To genius, pathos, poetry, and you.

THE PEASANT'S CONSOLATION.

KEEN is the frost! severe the winter's storms!
And yet my nerves nor cold, nor tempest dread;
For Lucy's love my constant bosom warms,
And Heaven protects the peasant's humble shed!

Thus though the lightning rives the lofty oak,
And scatters wide its branches o'er the plain;
The lowly hawthorns, guarded from the stroke!
Secure amidst the gen'ral wreck remain.

Grateful to God, for what his bounty grants,
I envy not the rich man's ampler store;
If heaven supplies my dearest Lucy's wants,
I ask but bread and health, and ask no more!

ADVICE TO A VALUABLE FRIEND,

WHOSE FOIBLE WAS CARRYING HIS JESTS, SOMETIMES, TOO FAR, AND THEREBY WEARING THE SPIRITS OF HIS COMPANY.

STILL be your mirth, and pleasant humour shewn,
And let the palm of punning be your own!
But the coarse jest—the interrupting jeer,
Provoking folly's laugh, and wisdom's tear!
Let these no more society offend,
Nor wound the feelings of a partial friend.
Jokes heap'd on jokes, believe me, cease to please,
When they deprive the social board of ease;
And your own heart, with nicest feelings bless'd!
Would sigh to see your friends, like foes, oppress'd.
Though you, like Swift, possess true humour's fire,
Yet, if for ever jesting—Swift would tire;
The mind fatigued, at last, must turn away,
As the eye shuns insufferable day!
Nice is the task to blame without offence,
And he who bears it shews superior sense.
Did I not know your breast by nature kind,
Wit in your head, and virtue in your mind;

Had I not heard your bosom often sigh,
And mark'd the tear of feeling in your eye;
Seen sensibility bedew your cheek,
And nature's workings eloquently speak;
You from this friendly lecture had been free;
Nor had your foible been observ'd by me.
A luke-warm friend I never could endure,
Who sees my errors should point out their cure;
And more than errors, I confess, are mine—
Horatio, be the task to mend them, thine!
To what you say I'll candidly attend,
And in the censor only see the friend.

TO JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

UPON HIS FORGETTING HIS ENGAGEMENT TO DINNER.

The dinner was waiting,—the ven'son was hot,
But Jack Taylor the ven'son and dinner forgot;
Yet the fat was inviting, and tender the lean,
And compos'd a repast fit for George and his Queen!
I request you'll explain to what it was owing,
You came not to meet Poet Pye, and Boscawen?
On the Staffordshire Haunch, though you chose not to feast,
We expected to see you at supper at least;
Where the ladies were ready to relish your fun,
To commend your good humour, and laugh at your pun.
If humanity led you to mansions of care,
I'll accept the excuse for your not being there;
But if for an other your engagement you broke,
My revenge shall be this, I'll not smile at your joke,
Nor defend you when sober, nor praise you when mellow,
As a friendly good-natur'd and humourous fellow.

A VINDICATION

OF THE MARQUIS OF —— ——,

ADDRESSED TO THAT VERY HONEST GENTLEMAN, MR. JOHN BULL. WRITTEN IN 1794.

Of the candidates, John, for thy favour of late,
Among all who are noble, and wish to be great,
Sure the Marquis with reason may fairly complain,
That his merits could never your confidence gain.
The moralist too will confess with a tear,
That virtue performs but a pilgrimage here;
Else had —— —— long since been possess'd of that pow'r,
Which England took from him in splenetic hour:
He was always a friend to his Country's cause,
The prop of her church, the support of her laws;
He ne'er with republicans chose to accord,
And the world never call'd him the levelling lord!
He made the fam'd peace of the year eighty three!
A peace, John, as good for himself as for thee!
He spends half his wealth for the good of the nation,
To procure from all quarters the best information;
He as candidly then imparts all he knows,
Impartially both to his friends and his foes.

In his speech he is open and candid no doubt,
For which side he espouses no man can find out:
Whether Whig, whether Tory, of high church or low?
Your may puzzle your brains, but you never will know.
As a proof that the Marquis is no partizan,
Let the world call six persons his friends if it can!
Yet one friend he has lately acquired they say,
Who from gloomy oblivion emerges to day!
Report says that —— ——, that amiable peer!
Having conquer'd at length his political fear,
In the vale of his life is persuaded again
To brave the keen searching of Junius's pen:
Ah! misguided —— ——! forbear to expose
Thy impotent years to political woes;
Let oblivion o'ershadow the frailties of age,
Nor once more appear, to be hiss'd from the stage!
Now, good Mr. Bull, this digression excuse,
And return we to —— ——, the boast of my muse.
Joe Miller, that man so renown'd at the bar!
More witty than Sheridan, learned than Parr;
Who punning despises as —— —— does place,
Says his patron's pure mind is as fair as his face;
That his bounty and eloquence equally flow,
The weak to instruct, and to succour the low—
Yet this eloquent speaker! this statesman so just!
No sect will confide in, no party will trust:
And I speak it, alas! with reproach to mankind,
To his merit, and virtue, his country is blind!

And when full of honours and years he shall die,
Ungrateful Britannia will not heave a sigh;
Nay perhaps with a sneer, she may scoffingly say,
'The* Sun of my glory is faded away'!

* At the conclusion of the American War, the Marquis emphatically said, that "the Sun of England's glory was set for ever"! and many grave people were of the same opinion during the short time the noble Lord was in power.

A STUDENT'S PROGRESS,

FROM THE TEMPLE TO THE BENCH.

THE dapper student enter'd fresh from college,
Pertly conceited of his scanty knowledge,
At Commons talks in consequential style,
Mumbling his legal mutton all the while.
At length his terms and dinners paid and ended,
And now and then the court B. R. attended,
Lo! by a conjuration all their own,
The Temple coggers grant the magic gown!
That magic gown that can at once dispense
With learning, manners, education, sense;
That gown, which any blockhead may obtain,
Refus'd to Tooke, and giv'n —— —— in vain.
Now dubb'd a barrister, a fam'd degree!
Licenced on either side to take a fee,
His pride affects the attorneys to despise;
His int'rest courts them as the means to rise;
They, in their turn, a dirty shuffling race,
The legal scavengers! and law's disgrace!
Neglect his overtures—'till gossip fame,
Or chance, or puff, has magnified his name;

Then when he wants no more their base support,
They praise his talents, and his favour court;
Meanly pay homage to his silken gown,
While with contempt he kicks the ladder down.
Of all his brother pleaders jealous grown,
He sinks their character to raise his own;
No patriot fires his torpid bosom warm,
Though selfish motives make him love the storm;
That storm in politics which often shews,
The people blindly partial to their foes!
It is not tyranny provokes his hate,
But envy to behold an other great.
Now wealth accumulates with ev'ry day,
And discord keeps loquacity in pay;
Practiced to puzzle, skilful to mislead,
And prone the cause of infamy to plead,
His venal tongue contending factions hire,
While four-hour speeches judge and juries tire;
'Till facts obscur'd and truth in mazes lost,
Justice submits, and virtue pays the cost!
New legal honours thick'ning on his head,
His gloomy black is chang'd to ermin'd red.
The learned judge must now in peace submit
To Er——'s modesty, and B—dw—n's wit!
To Min—'s eloquence, which never falters,
And all the wrangling tribe of legal talkers!
Think not the judge's lot is too severe,
Though hard, 'tis worth some thousand pounds a year;

And gold, great despot of the human mind!
Makes judges patient, and makes bailiffs kind;
Gives strength to argument, keen edge to wit,
And renders venal —— attach'd to Pitt.

* The author has the greatest respect for the profession in general; he means only to satirise those who, sometimes, obtain the highest legal honours, by the basest means.

A JACOBIN COUNCIL.

SCENE—*A reading Room. (The Chairman speaks.)*

(First published in the Anti-Jacobin Magazine.)

FROM open rebellion we've no hopes at all,
If we throw off the mask we are certain to fall—
Let our vot'ries then follow the glorious advice.
In the gunpowder legacy left us by Price;
'Inflammable matter to lay grain by grain,'*
And blow up the state with the torch of Tom Paine!
For John Bull has a passion which most we detest,
Of all countries on earth, he loves England the best;
Our efforts in private must all be combin'd
To banish this prejudice out of his mind:
We must ridicule all that is sacred, and great,
And sap the foundation of church, law, and state:
No engine so sure as the means we employ,
To ridicule first what we mean to destroy;
To teach the young mind there's no life after this,
No posthumous punishment—no future bliss!

* See a Sermon of the Late Doctor Price.

Our philosophers then will inculcate, no doubt,
That the sole crime of murder is, *being found out;*
And if by that method we further our cause,
The private assassin deserves our applause;
But he who, like Robespierre, murders *en masse,*
As his bowels are steel—his bust shall be brass!
And Jacobins, grateful for merit so bright,
Shall worship their idol in anarchy's night—
That long night to the sciences, virtues and arts!
When Jacobin daggers strike patriot hearts,
And rapine stalks forth, at the leveller's knell,
To realize here all the horrors of hell!
But my ardour, I fear, has betray'd me too far—
The times are not ripe to confess what we are;
We must flatter, cajole, and our numbers increase,
And foment civil war, while we clamour for peace,
Correspond with the French, and their doctrines maintain
A propos—I've a letter from Citizen Paine—

[*At this critical moment, a discontented member (but one, not sufficiently illuminated) entering the room, the Jacobin Council broke up very abruptly, and the conversation became harmless.*]

EXTEMPORE

UPON SEEING THE RENOWN, OF 74 GUNS, LAUNCHED AT DEPTFORD. MAY 2, 1798.

May fame with never fading laurels crown
The future fortunes of the Proud Renown!

SENT TO A LADY,

IN CONSEQUENCE OF HER COMPLAINING TO THE AUTHOR, OF THE SCANDAL OF A CENSORIOUS WORLD.

Delia, as beautiful as good!
Of manners gaily free;
The world has seldom understood,
Misled by calumny.

Others may wear the veil of art
To shield them from disgrace,
But where there's innocence of heart,
There's frankness in the face.

Then let the tales of scandal die,
Nor hurt fair Delia's rest;
Let mirth still sparkle in her eye,
And peace possess her breast.

If she can charm the good and wise
Why should she ever grieve?
Though malice propagate the lies
That none but fools believe.

Beauty, if like the diamond bright,
Though as the diamond pure;
While it attracts the dazzled sight,
Must envy still endure!

EDWARD AND JULIA.

EDWARD, o'ercome by summer's sultry heat,
Sought in a neighbouring wood a cool retreat;
When, as beneath an oak's broad shade he lay,
To the same spot fair Julia chanc'd to stray;
Startled at first she seem'd prepar'd to fly,
Then stopt—and look'd, and sigh'd—she knew not why—
A blush just rising flush'd her lovely cheek,
Her lips, half open, seem'd inclin'd to speak,
But youth's warm ardour modesty suppress'd,
And heav'd with quick pulsation Julia's breast!
Those heaving breasts electric fires impart,
Flash through the eyes, and vibrate to the heart!
Unguarded Edward feels their potent charms,
And mad with love, he rushes to her arms!
Consenting Venus draws the mystic veil,
Guards their retreat—and stops the Muse's tale—
Let wisdom sternly frown, and Stoics blame,
Cato, by Julia's side, had done the same!

EDGAR TO ANNA.

Dear Anna, when I think of thee,
My anxious bosom throbs with care—
Ah! would that fate had left thee free,
Or nature form'd thee not so fair!

Thy tender breast should only know
Love's sweetest joys without its smart;
Nor e'er be doom'd to feel the woe
That rankles in my aching heart.

Do tears, in silence, dim thine eye,
And trickle down thy dimpled cheek?
I, too in secret, heave the sigh,
And hide the pang I dare not speak!

Yet of one joy we're both possess'd,
Which surely we may always share—
The picture in each other's breast,
That faithful love has painted there!

EDGAR TO ANNA.

To Edgar's mind, when Anna is away,
How dull the night! how tedious is the day!
If, at the social board, some partial praise
Beauty bestows on Edgar's flatter'd lays;
That praise no more, with "necromantic art,"
Can charm his fancy, or delight his heart:
The praise he loves is glanc'd from Anna's eye!
Felt in her smile, or wafted on her sigh!
And all applause to him insipid grows,
But what the pressure of her hand bestows—
Oh! had that hand been his in early youth,
Bestow'd by love! secur'd by virgin truth!
Smooth then had flow'd the current of his life,
And his heart's mistress been his happier wife!

THE APOLOGY FOR A KISS,

WITH A HINT TO FEMALE OBSERVERS.

While by my Anna's side entranc'd I stand,
And feel the magic pressure of her hand!
While on her humid eyes I fondly gaze—
Her smile the constant subject of my praise!
If Edgar madly snatches an embrace,
Blame the attractions of that angel face!
But let no mortal envy him the bliss
To give an innocent, though ardent kiss:
Should such exist—old maidhood be her fate,
Her sex's scorn, and worse—the poet's hate!

A SONG FOR VAUXHALL.

Ye children of frolic who laugh at all care,
Drink the juice of the grape to the health of the fair!
And while smiling content presides over all
You'll find what you wish in the shades of Vauxhall.

Let Jove quaff his nectar, while we have champaign
To open the heart, and enliven the brain;
Then defy ev'ry ill that on mortals can fall,
And laugh, drink, and love in the shades of Vauxhall.

Here's beauty would make young Adonis resign
The bosom of Venus, though that was divine!
Her charms would diminish, her pow'r be small,
Compar'd with the beauties who visit Vauxhall.

Let the fool of ambition his projects resign,
And his politics drown in full bumpers of wine;
For the circlet of empire his temples might gall,
But 'tis pleasure's light chaplet we wear at Vauxhall.

Let the wretch who hoards money forget his vile pelf,
Or here learn the wisdom to spend it himself;

But if throughout life he must ever forestall,
Let him speculate here in the shades of Vauxhall.

Then quit the dull city, where noise, dust, and strife
Impair rosy health, and endanger frail life;
Assemble together at mirth's cheerful call,
And laugh, sing, and love in the shades of Vauxhall.

THE HAPPY BRITISH LAND,

A SONG.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE WESTMINSTER VOLUNTEER CAVALRY.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. KELLY.

UNITED in a noble cause,
We draw the sword to guard the laws,
And scorn ignoble fears;
Treason shall sculk within her cell,
And anarchy, the fiend of hell,
Shall dread the Volunteers!

CHORUS.

Then pass the bottle in the ring,
You know it cannot stand;
Let's drink our Sov'reign Lord—the King!
And the happy British Land!

Wherever honour calls we'll go,
And should our false invet'rate foe
Ere tread on British ground;

We'll muster near great George's throne,
And making Brunswick's cause our own,
Charge—at the bugle's sound!
Then pass the bottle, &c.

Who lives, shall live to honour dear,
Who dies, shall have a nation's tear,
A tribute to his grave;
Where this incription shall be read,
'The patriot for his country bled,
'And died his King to save!'
Then pass the bottle, &c.

And when the toils of war are pass'd,
When peace has hush'd the trumpet's blast,
And sheath'd the avenging sword;
Creative fancy shall entwine
The laurel with the gen'rous vine,
To deck our social board.

CHORUS.

Then pass the bottle in the ring,
*You know it cannot stand;**
Let's drink our Sovereign Lord—the King!
And the happy British Land!

* The decanters used by the Westminster Cavalry, at their mess dinners, have round bottoms, which obliges the company to pass them from hand to hand, or they would fall.

AN ODE

WRITTEN FOR THE CHORAL FUND, 1799.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. ARNOLD.

PINING in want, with grief oppress'd,
The mother sighs her child to rest,
And mourns a husband's early doom,
Whose stringless lyre adorns his tomb.

Then let's invoke that cherub of the sky,
Whose grief-relieving hand, and angel eye,
Brings comfort to the sons of harmony;
'Tis heav'n's benignant offspring—Charity!

At her approach disease and pain
Fly from the bed of want and care;
Her dove-like eyes revive again
The helpless victims of despair!

Ye aged vot'ries of the lyre,
Whom fortune's chilling frowns oppress
Let gratitude your breast inspire
To him who pities your distress!

He who, in mercy, governs all!
Nor heedless views "a sparrow fall,"
Beholds your silent grief;
And in the winter of your years,
Sends charity to dry your tears,
And beam divine relief!

Then let's invoke that cherub of the sky,
Whose grief-relieving hand, and angel eye,
Brings comfort to the sons of harmony;
'Tis heav'n's benignant offspring—Charity!

ODE

UPON THE KING'S PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE FROM ASSASSINATION, 15 MAY, 1800.

FOR MR. RAVELLI'S CONCERT.

Set to Music by Mr. Bianchi, and sung at Covent-Garden, by Mrs. Dussec, Miss Jackson, Mr. Linton, and Mr. Cimidor, &c. &c. on the 23d June, 1800.

WHAT horrid sound assails the ear
And fills a nation's breast with fear?
'Twas the fell traitor's deadly ball!
But heav'n the murd'rer's aim withstood,
And, guardian of the great and good!
Bade the dread bolt innoxious fall.

II.

May hov'ring angels spread their wings,
To shield from ill the best of kings,
And ward the base assassin's blows!
Still shall our much-lov'd monarch own
His people's love his firmest throne,
For none but fiends can be his foes!

III.

Then let a nation's pray'rs obtain
Divine protection on his reign,
From earth and heav'n's eternal lord!
And, when his mortal sway is pass'd,
In mem'ry shall his virtues last,
Which grateful England shall record!

IV.

FINALE.

His tomb will want no gem from India's mine,
For ev'ry Briton's heart will be his shrine!
But far remote, God grant! that time may be,
Which sets him from his earthly duties free!

V.

CHORUS.

Let ev'ry loyal Briton raise
His grateful voice in songs of praise!
While treason, in his gloomy cell,
Ere yet he seeks his native hell,
Shall hear, with anguish, millions sing,—
Great God! preserve our patriot King!

LINES

SPOKEN BY A YOUNG LADY ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF HER SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND.

On this glad day may ev'ry joy attend
My kind instructor, and my early friend!
Whate'er of mental worth in life is mine,
My heart must own the merit all is thine;
Whose lessons, drawn from piety and truth,
Will cheer my age as they have charm'd my youth;
And, as a mirror plac'd before my eyes,
Reflect no objects but the good and wise.

AN INSCRIPTION

FOR THE TOMB OF THE AUTHOR'S FRIEND,

CAPTAIN HOOD,

WHO WAS SLAIN, IN THE MOMENT OF VICTORY, IN THE MEMORABLE ACTION BETWEEN THE MARS AND THE HERCULE.

May ev'ry warrior, to his country dear,
Yield to the gallant Hood a manly tear!—
And let him think, while he beholds this stone,
When Britain calls, his life is not his own!

CHARACTERS.

FORMAL in figure, and in manners cold,
No passion warms him but the love of gold;
Aiming at eloquence beyond his reach,
He toils for words, and labours in his speech;
Wearied attention cannot long endure
His measur'd language, and his phrase obscure,
But turns where genius, and where wit attend
A gay companion, and an ardent friend.

HONESTUS, liberal, sincere, and true,
A polish'd scholar, would be poet too:
In this a false ambition he betrays,
And risks his reputation in his lays;
For him no flow'rs the ardent Muses cull,
Coldly correct, and classically dull!
Promethean fires to poets should belong,
Or the mind wearies with the vapid song;
In formal trammels measur'd language flows,
And the Muse smiles to hear such rhyming prose.

TO WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

GIFFORD! to thy impressive lines belong
The proud distinctions of superior song!
The lash thou mak'st the harden'd wretch endure,
Though it cuts deeply,—only "cuts to cure."
For all thy writings to these objects tend,
To prove thyself the Muse', and virtue's friend.
Proceed great Poet! scourge a vicious age,
Drive vice and folly from the world's wide stage;
'Gainst impious ribaldry thy faulchion wield,
And o'er each timid virtue spread thy shield!
Be this thy satire's character and praise—
The strength of Juvenal, in purer lays!

WOUNDED FRIENDSHIP.

YES—in my gayest moments! happiest days!
I've felt—not vainly felt—the breath of praise;
Ingenuous praise my ardent bosom fir'd,
Drew forth my numbers, and my Muse inspir'd!
Praise, well bestow'd, as fresh'ning breezes fan
And meliorate the soil, improves the man;
While churlish censure, like an April frost,
Nips the young blossom, and the fruit is lost!
But of all evils that the bard attend,
Envy's the worst when harbour'd by a friend!
When he whose partial eyes should love your lays,
With jealous feelings sickens at your praise;
While crouds applaud, he seems to stand unmov'd,
Or tries to censure what he once approv'd.
That such a failing in a friend I've found,
Gives to my breast a melancholy wound;
Yet human frailty is of man the lot,
And his shall be conceal'd—if not forgot;
His name, in spleen, I never mean to tell,
Spite of his fault, I love his worth too well!

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